Every Week

THE BIG 3¢ WORTH

Vol. 1 No. 24

October 11, 1915

A Short Story by Katharine Holland Brown

The Fear Of A Nervous Breakdown

The fierce demands of 20th Century requirements tends to exhaust the nervous forces.

Effort, alone, never sups the vitality. It is suspense and worry that wears the nerves to shreds—the power to relax at all soon departs—then the duties of the day become arduous—and the complications begin to pyramid. The nerves become exhausted.

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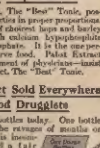

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One Minute with the Editor

Who Writes All the Popular Songs?

HOW much money does a popular song make for its author? Did you know that most of the song writers can not read a note of music? We have an article about this. Unless all signs fail, you may look for it next week.

Don't the Safety Razor Ads Satisfy You?

DEAR EDITOR: Will you please print pictures of young men on the covers of your magazine, instead of girls' pictures all the time?

95 Madison Avenue, New York

DEAR EDITOR: I know who murdered Mrs. Fisher, and how the murder was committed. Where shall I send my answer, so as to be sure and get the money?

A Correction

ONCE upon a time we printed a picture of Miss Theresa Flanagan on a page of pictures of "People You Don't Want to Meet." Since then we have met Miss Flanagan. She's the sort of person one would want to meet. Moreover, she is nurse at a "hospital," not an "asylum."

The Wintergreen Oil King

By WALT MASON

Every time you chew a piece of gum flavored with wintergreen, you pay a little toll to John T. Stotz of Broadbeansville, Pennsylvania, who practically controls the world's output of wintergreen oil. This is his story, done into rhyme by Walt Mason. Each week we select the most interesting story received and have Walt Mason pentine it. Emperors and kings have their luxuries; why not wintergreen kings?

MID Pennsylvania's rugged hills, up in the county of Monroe, the oil of wintergreen distils from leaves, an aromatic flow. Nine tenths of all that balmy oil that this round planet can produce comes from that little tract of soil—nine tenths of all that precious juice!

There women and the kids are seen, in season, gathering the leaves; and for a hundred pounds of "green" twelve bits the toiling one receives. A woman with a skilful hand may earn two dollars in a day; a child may work to beat the band, and get six nickels as his pay. There are a hundred fragrant stills upon this belt of wintergreen, and each one when it's working spills a sweet aroma o'er the scene.

There is a man named John T. Stotz—Broadbeansville's where he gets his mail—who owns the oil in wholesale lots, the oil that scents the passing gale. He is the king of wintergreen, the monarch of that luscious oil; for forty years he's made it queen of Monroe County's gifted soil. For him the women glean the hills, the cheerful children make their quest; he owns most all the busy stills, and buys the product of the rest.

In all the world there is no man who knows as much about this oil, detecting the nuisance of his plan of ceaseless study, care, and toil. A chemist he, and in his shop are scores of bottles of the "life," and there the guest would like to stop, inhaling incense by the mile. He has the finest cultured nose that e'er was seen upon the pike; one sniff will tell that beak discloses adulterations and the like. The oil is costly when it's pure—it brings three bucks or more a pound—and when they have a chance, for sure, adulterators flock around. The able deaths of Uncle Sam, who'd foil the trickster's little game, detecting dope in oil or jam, must stop to analyze the same. But Stotz will take of oil a jar, and hold it to his trenchant nose, and say, "They've doctored it with tar!" and nothing of that vintage goes.

The war has cut the business down, but many stills are making juice, and Stotz, the king without a crown, is handling all they can produce. He has on hand, in times like these, oil worth some 90,000 bones, and that would flavor all the seas, down to the haunt of Davy Jones.

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The High Cost of Honor

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

Illustrations by C. E. Wolfe

IT was the spring of 1913, that year of flood and wrath. The Mississippi had been on the rampage for weeks. Mile on mile, the waters spread over the Arkansas bottoms, a muddy sea. The farm-houses perched on high ground could still be seen, but the shiftless "ground cabins" had been drowned out like so many gopher holes. Young Dudley Coleman, an apple-cheeked cub civil engineer working for the great Interstate Drainage Company, had to wallow through a mile of ooze to reach his launch, after a grueling nine-hours' shift with his levee gangs. He hauled his big, muddy body aboard, and sat down, puffing. Sweat trickled down his crimson forehead, and streaked through the clay already drying on his square Beacon Street chin. Half a dozen cuts told of as many stumbles in submerged brush. O'Hara, his striker, grinned at him.

"Sure, sir, ye look like ye'd been wrastlin' wid a steam-shovel."

"I feel rather that way."

Young Coleman scraped off the top layer of mud, and glared at that heaving yellow ocean. Toward them, down stream, a solitary steamboat floundered its way.

"What idiot can be trying to navigate in this flood, O'Hara?"

"Tom's *Wonderland*, sir. She's due at Severn Landing now. She'll give 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' for matinée to-day, and 'Camille' to-night—"

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? What on earth—"

"Sure, she's a show-boat, sir—a floatin' theayter."

"She looks it."

Young Coleman sniffed as *Wonderland* splashed into closer view. She was an old-fashioned side-wheeler, a marvel of blinding white paint and gingerbread. Strings of flags adorned her, as a dreadnought on parade. A fierce bronze eagle soared above her pilot-house; a mammoth mermaid simpered at the bow.

"That little sawed-off aft is Grogan, her owner. The big lousy lady in pink is Lillian de Montemorency, his wife, *Wonderland*'s star actress. Be givin' 'em a salute, sir, whiles I bumps this scow out of their wash."

Coleman sounded their penny whistle. *Wonderland* responded with a deafening siren roar and exuberant shouts from the gaily dressed group aft. Among that group, the big beefy lady in pink stood out like the diamonds on her big, muscular hands, the broad smile on her plump, thinly powdered face.

"A grand sight, that," remarked the cheerful O'Hara. "Decked out like a pawnbroker's bride, wasn't she? They say there's no better business woman on the river, sir."

Coleman frowned.

"I'm not keen on your friend Lillian. What I want to know is, where are the people that live around this forsaken place?"

"The Memphis packet took them all off, sir, days ago. All save a few pigheads like MacLaren yonder."

He pointed upstream. On a tiny knoll stood a low brown cabin. Already the river washed the log steps. Another hour, and the water would cross the threshold.

"People there still, eh? We'll stop and take them off."

"But MacLaren won't thank us, sir. A quare stick he is. Gentleman born, they say, and a gentleman he is, f'r all his glum hermit ways. An' his girl, she's a lady, mind that—f'r all the Severn women-folk can wag their evil tongues—"

He broke off sharply, and his broad face reddened.

"His girl? His daughter?"

"Well, sir, that I can't tell ye. 'Tis five year since he brought her down from St. Louis—she, an' his books, an' his plannys, an' his trunks full of crazy wheels an' engines an' whirlymacues. An' in those five years not one soul has that old grouch axed to pass his door. The girl has hardly set foot off the knoll. He's never let her go to school, even. Though they do say he's taught her the pianny till she plays something grand. Not a friend has the child got on earth, savin' that surly old man, an' she but a slip of a thing, winsome as a shamrock. Irene, he calls her. A heathen name, at that."

"How old is she?"

"Sixteen. Seventeen, maybe. Some holds she's MacLaren's own child. Others say she's an orphan he's adopted, to mind the house and tend him when he's down. 'Tis dyin' these five years wid the consumption he's been, poor man. An' others say—but ye know Severn, sir. Ye know how a small town can talk."

"Well, hermits or no, we'll take them off, else by noon they'll be adrift. Put the launch alongside."

"Ye'll get a scowl f'r yer pains, sir."

"All right. Put her alongside. But—I say, O'Hara! Look! What's that black thing hanging on the door? It looks like black cloth— By Jove, man! What can it mean?"

O'HARA gasped out. His right hand went to his breast with a quick, shaken sign of the cross.

"Mary Mother! 'Tis black cloth, sure, sir. It means—but which of the two—A-ah, sir! Look!"

The door swung open; its ominous emblem swayed in the sudden draft. On the threshold stood a young girl. Her heavy-

yellow hair bound her little head in great shining braids. Beneath it, a small heart-shaped face, stricken with terror and grief, stared down at them, white as ashes.

"'Tis Irena herself? Poor lamb!" O'Hara drove the launch across the submerged yard. "An' she alone in the cabin wid—that!"

The launch grounded on a mass of willow roots and stuck fast. The men jumped overboard and splashed to the steps. Coleman stood with bared head. His tongue blundered abominably for sheer pity.

"We saw—the black cloth. Please let us come in—and do what we can."

The girl did not answer at once. Puzzled, Coleman raised his head and looked at her. What he saw brought the blood to his heart.

She was even younger than he had thought, more delicate and frail. Her hands were clenched, her wide, dark eyes were tear-swollen, her lips were quivering. Yet upon every feature was stamped beauty—a beauty so profound, so exquisite, that it caught his breath and leaped like wildfire through his veins.

"He went away from me yesterday." Her child voice shook, her soft eyes filled. "Nobody came by, and I daren't leave him to row to town. But he told me just what to do. He said somebody would come soon. And you did come."

She led the two men into the cabin.

O'Hara stumbled across to the straight white shape on the low bed, and knelt, whispering prayers. But Coleman stood mock-still, amazed. A dull bare room: a bed, a chair, a table, a rickety piano. But on the board walls hung scores of blueprints and fragments of designs, and the table was heaped with strange trumpery—a fine microscope, a jumble of wires and screws and test-tubes and tools. Coleman peered at the inscription on one drawing.

"My perpetual-motion motor. Pat. applied for, June, 1909.

"R. D. MacLaren."

Then he looked down at that old wasted face. The face of a gentleman, ascetic, clean; the face of a seer, a visionary. Perpetual motion! Well, the poor hermit-soul's mysteries were all solved now. All but this white, desolate child beside him.

"Pack up yer duds, girl dear." O'Hara spoke gently. "We'll be takin' you to Severn. Takin' you—both."

The girl hesitated. "But where—how—"

"There, there, girl dear." O'Hara patted her thin shoulder. "We'll give him as fine a funeral as money can buy. Preacher, an' flowers, an' all the backs in town. Ye'll see!"

But the miserable question only deepened in her eyes.

"We—we can't. For he said—oh, poor Uncle Robbie!" she sobbed out, heart-broken. "He said there wasn't any money left. He spent the last on his new tools. He didn't even own the cabin."

"Don't! We'll do everything."

Coleman spoke gruffly. He had a wild longing to snatch the little stricken creature into his big arms and comfort her.

"Pack what you need, and put on a warm cloak. We'll take you both to Severn right away."

SEVERN was only twenty miles down-stream. But it was far past noon when they reached the landing. His life long, Coleman would remember that strange, silent journey down the flooded river. Straight and long under his winding-sheet, the dead man lay astern. Moveless as ivory, the girl sat by his rough bier. Forward at the steering-wheel crouched Coleman and O'Hara. They hardly spoke. They never once glanced astern.

At last the launch grounded on the sodden wharf. They left Irena at the forlorn Severn Astor House, while they made arrangements for the funeral.

Two hours later, as they drove away from the cemetery, Coleman realized that his work was just begun. He had done his duty by the dead. But now—the living!

Irena had already told her short, pitiful story. She was MacLaren's grand-niece. Her father had been a bookkeeper in a St. Louis foundry, her mother a young school-teacher, a New England girl, "Sarah Lord Peabody, of Haverhill," without near kinsfolk. When she was twelve, both parents had been killed in a tenement fire. Then MacLaren had adopted her, and taught her to keep his house. He had taught her other things, too, she added shyly: to play a little, to speak a little French and German, to read aloud from his shabby trunkful of classics. He had been kind, but very strict. He had lived in terror of his perpetual-motion motor being stolen—hence their hermit life.

"I can't take her back to that hole of a hotel." Coleman studied her face, so wan and sad, yet so beautiful that he felt a sudden awe, boyish, chivalric. What a flower-thing she was, this lone little waif! She was like—in a flash, Coleman remembered, with a curious shy delight—that old, old picture of his mother, taken in the decorous seventies: her little slim, unformed body; her braided hair; her soft, dark eyes.

If only his mother were at home, he'd pack Irena off to her. She would know just what to do. But she was in Zürich, where the younger boys were at school. Failing that, he could take Irena to some good school in St. Louis. But for to-night—where, in this dingy, half-drowned place, could he put the child?

"Ye'll not be takin' her back to that low-flung tavern," whispered O'Hara. "An' the preacher telt me he'd gladly take her, but his two kids is down wid measles, an' the misthress wore out entirely. An' the sexton's folks is drownded out of house an' home, so they're sleepin' at his wife's father's. Now, where in the nation—"

"The minister will give me a list of his parishioners. Of course, some one of the church ladies will take her in for to-night."

"Why 'of course'?" muttered O'Hara grimly.

WHY indeed? At ten o'clock that night Coleman bolted into the little station waiting-room, where Irena sat, her lashes drooping, the faithful O'Hara beside her.

"Did ye find—" O'Hara began. Then he stopped, startled by the black rage in the boy's face.

"I found—*hell!*" Coleman bit the words off, between gasps of fury. Red sparks blazed in his heavy-lidded eyes. "Those worthy Severn women! Those—those foul-mouthed old harridans! They'd 'like to oblige us,' but they 'really hadn't room.' Every last cat whined the same tune. And when I'd beg 'em to let her sleep on the hat-rack or the kitchen floor—'N-no; we don't *know* anything against her. But Mr. MacLaren was very peculiar. And there has been talk.' Talk!"

"Yis, talk. 'Tis the leadin' product of this slimy little town! But we're wastin' time jawin', an' this child so beat out she can't lift her sweet head."

"But what can we do with her?"

"Sure, sir, there's one chance left, Lilian de Montmorency."

"Lilian de Montmorency! That show-boat woman!" Coleman snorted.

He had a vivid sight of the fair Lilian as she had waved to him that morning—her coarse figure, her bedizened hair, her bold, gay, painted face.

"Sweet place, that, to take Irena!"

"Well, it'd be decent, sir. An' a roof over her tired head."

Coleman began to argue. Then he yielded, disgusted but beaten. Gently he roused Irena. Dazed with sleep, she stumbled obediently beside him down the endless black shore to the huge dim bulk of *Wonderland*.

Lilian de Montmorency herself answered their hail. Big, bossy, and competent, she trailed a lurid scarlet satin kimono out on the guards, and summoned them across the gang-plank. Big and serene and vulgar from bleached coronal to scarlet slippers, she heard Coleman's unwilling request.

"You say her guardian died yesterday; and was buried to-day; and the church ladies don't want her. H'm!" Her narrow blue eyes pried into his sullen face. "Well, I don't cotton much to that church-lady gang. I reckon she'll find a roof here, all right—as long as she wants it, too."

She thrust out a big, glittering hand, and pulled Irena into the full light. The gesture was comically uncouth, yet it was not ungentle. And the shrewd eyes she bent on the girl were honestly kind.

"She'll be safe here, gentlemen. You two pike along now. Good night."

And she led Irena into the cabin.

VAGUELY thankful, dog-tired to their Samaritan bones, Coleman and O'Hara tramped away. Coleman fell asleep planning to go back to *Wonderland* by daybreak, and send Irena to the school in St. Louis by the first train. But at midnight a messenger roused him. The up-river levee had broken again. He and O'Hara must hurry back to the contract.

"Anyhow, I'll start her north at six to-night," Coleman thought.

But at six that night he lay limp and unconscious, while the chief engineer blistered the wires with demands for a surgeon, a trained nurse, a special tug to rush Coleman and his broken leg to the Memphis hospital.

The leg healed rapidly. Meanwhile, Coleman's nurse earned a martyr's crown. Every day he dictated a letter of instructions to Miss de Montmorency concerning "my ward." He sent her a check for Irena's expenses. He even ordered a warm sweater and heavy shoes for the girl. He fumed and fussed and worried. In the innocence of his heart, he was almost pompously paternal.

To all of his commands Lilian made but one reply—a truculent purple scrawl on a lurid lilac sheet:

Mr. Dudley Coleman, Esq., C. E.

Dear Sir: Yrs. of 5th, 7th, 8th, 10th, & 12th rec'd. Irena is well. She acts contented. You need not have sent that sweater. I had already got her plenty clothes myself. Also Grogan had got her shoes & raincoat. I return your check. *Wonderland* is not a hotel. It is a private home.

N. B.—Thanks for advice, etc. I don't need an cub engineer to tell me how to take care of my company. Yrs. respectfully,

L. de Montmorency.

Young Mr. Coleman of Beacon Street lay back on his pillows and howled. He was still weak and hilarious when O'Hara tiptoed in. O'Hara spelled out the letter solemnly.

"The lady's what yo might call outspoken, sir."

"Quite. But she is evidently treating Irena well. And by next week I'll be able to go down and take the child away."

"Take her away, is it?" A queer glint awoke in O'Hara's eye. "Away from Lilian de Montmorency? A childless woman wid a jaw like a pavin'-brick, an' a timper of fire an' tow, an' a heart bigger than the two big flats of her? Well, sir, I wish yo luck!"

With which cryptic farewell he tiptoed out.

Coleman paid little heed. He was already drafting a letter to the principal of the St. Louis school, outlining his ward's course of study.

TWO weeks later, Coleman, still leaning on his cane, but a personable young giant every inch, walked up *Wonderland's* gang-plank. In his pocket reposed the principal's staid note, in which she acknowledged his payment of Irena's first-term tuition.

All Sumner County swarmed on the wide decks, for *Wonderland* was giving "East Lynne." Half way down the crammed little auditorium, Lilian recognized him, with a friendly whoop. She strode beaming up the aisle; but he caught a queer, furtive gleam in her narrow eyes.

"Well, Mr. Coleman! Hooray for you! Took some nerve to drag that game leg down-river, hey? Grogan and me will count it a compliment that you came to see me in 'East Lynne.' You'll want to see Irena, too. You'd never believe how that kid has spunked up. Irene, hon, look who's here!"

From behind the papier-mâché palms came a hurrying little figure. Coleman's stick clattered to the floor.

Lilian had done her two-fisted best for the girl. Already Irena's thin cheeks had filled, her color had deepened, her frail little body was straighter, stronger. This much he saw with a rush of gratitude. Then a glaze of horror settled on his face.

Irena's fair locks were loosed from their Gretchen braids, and piled in a puffed and wiggy stack. Her soft baby throat was bared to the gaping eyes of Sumner County. Her thin little hands glittered even as Lilian's own. Crime of crimes, her silken lashes were beaded thick, and a smear of raw pink daubed her chin and made high lights on both cheeks. Yet through all this desecration, her beauty shone out on him unmirched, a white star.

"Ain't she the peach, since I toned her up?" said Lilian simply. Honest glad achievement rang in her voice.

Irena turned to her. Between the two there passed a glance of such illumined meaning that Coleman stared. Lilian's bold eyes glowed with mother-tenderness. But the girl looked up with adoration, a passion of profoundest love, almost of reverence.

"Guess I was right, Mr. Coleman. I didn't need no smart Aleck of a C. E. to teach me how to make a lady out of Irena!"

She laughed proudly and gayly.

"Run along to your piano, hon. Time the curtain went up. You'll stay to supper, Mr. Coleman?" Again that wary gleam awoke. "We want an hour's visit before you must go back."

Coleman accepted with cordial aplomb. Three mortal hours he sat through Lady Isabel's joys and sorrows. Next him, a fat old lady, in a plush coat that smelled of peppermint, wept intermittently and leaned on his shoulder at emotional moments. Before him, two mothers in Israel chewed their snuff-sticks while the lights were low; across the aisle, a red-headed baby roared without ceasing. The close little room steamed. Coleman's leg pained him infernally. He set his teeth and endured.

SUPPER was set in a tight little coop off the galley. All *Wonderland* sat down: the host, tired band, the blowsy character woman, the cheesy fifth-rate juvenile, the frayed, leering old "heavy." In all his Brahmin days, young Coleman had never sat at meat with such a Bedlam crew.

Irena sat at Lilian's right, safeguarded by her own loveliness in the midst of the hairy rout. Coleman shuddered. To-morrow, thank heaven, he would take his flower of a girl away and put her in proper hands. His chest expanded. He could not have felt more altruistic, more paternal, had he been fifty-five and worn side-whiskers.

Supper over, Lilian led the way to her sitting-room.

"Run bring your new shirt-waist, Irena. I want Mr. Coleman to see how handy you're gettin' with your needle. Next time he comes, you and I must show him how I've taught you to fence. And dance, too. She'll make a better soft-shoe than me, Mr. Coleman, give her time."

Her words were as mild as milk, but her blue eyes snapped and her voice rang challenge.

Coleman straightway took up that challenge.

"Irena and I are deeply in your debt, Miss de Montmorency. I have come now to pay that debt. And I shall take Irena to St. Louis to-night."

There was a pause. Irena threw back her head like a doe. Her small face was chalk-white, stunned. Lilian did not stir. Her florid face hardened. Her heavy jaw set like granite. At last she spoke. Her voice was almost a jeer.

"Oho! You want to pay Irena's debts! She doesn't owe one cent. And you'll take her to St. Louis to-night. Well, some guess again, Irena stays right here. Get that?"

Coleman drew a tingling breath. He spoke with suave control.

"Really, Miss de Montmorency! Do you not forget my claim?"

"Your claim? On *Irena?* Because you gave poor MacLaren decent burial, does that give you a strangle-hold on Irena—hey?"

Coleman gulped.

"Hardly that. But I am interested in her welfare. I wish to give her a good home, and an education, and—and every

chance to become a lady. A lady in every sense." He knew he sounded like a sickening prig, but he had to say it.

"Oh!" Lilian's voice softened, but her eyes still held that menacing gleam—the gleam of the tigress standing before her threatened cub. "Well, what better home could she ask than *Wonderland*? Her own state-room, and plenty to eat and wear, and no end of beaus—for the Summer County young fellows are all crazy over her. So's our own boys, actors and bandmen, too. If she wasn't so bashful she could have the gayest time going. Everybody loves her, from Grogan down to the last rooster. Ain't that so, Grogan?"

The little man grunted, and gave Coleman a fiery scowl. Then he glanced at Irena tenderly.

"But her education. Is it fair to neglect that?"

"Education? Ain't I educatin' her myself? She's learnt half the title rôle of 'The Lady of Lyons' already. She'll sing, too, soon's I can give her a lesson or so. And she's took up buck-an'-wing to beat the cars. What more could your school do for her, boy? Tell me that!"

Coleman's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"As for teachin' her to be a lady, I reckon that's my long suit. You can't play so many fine-lady parts without lavin' 'em soak in. I've done 'em all. Juliet at nineteen, Camille at twenty, and grand leads like Du Barry an' Vampire ever since. Playin' the lady is my one best bet." She laughed again triumphantly. "I've never lost a trick yet."

Coleman sat limp. At last he spoke.

"True. Yet perhaps Irena needs the school discipline. She is only sixteen."

"Seventeen last March."

"Seventeen, then. She is old enough to decide for herself."

Coleman stood up. He spoke with sudden sharp command:

"Irena!"

As he looked down into that exquisite, bewildered face, his heart gave a wild leap. How lovely she was, his little quiet flower! All his fatherly pretense vanished. He was just a sinaloan, eager boy.

"Irena, you know I want the very best in the world for you."

Irena nodded, her soft lips apart.

"So—you will trust my judgment. I want to take you to a school. At once. What do you say?"

Irena shook her head.

"Thank you, Mr. Coleman. I'd rather stay with Lil."

"But you don't understand." Coleman's controlled voice rose. "Miss de Montmorency has been most kind; but I want to give you chances of study that you can not get here."

"Lil will give me all the chances I need. I thank you, sir; but—"

Her eyes fled to Lilian. Between the two there passed again that white flame-look, that look of love. "As long as she wants me, I'll stay with Lil."

"And that's forever!"

Lilian whirled and caught the girl close. She laughed again, with wet, flashing eyes.

"Go call off your school, Mr. Coleman. It may have the grandest teachers going, but it couldn't make a grander lady out of Irena than I shall. Wait and see."

COLEMAN did wait. The first weeks, he raged and sulked by turns. After that, he spent a great deal of time in futile schemes. Often he took his launch and hunted up *Wonderland*, lying moored at some drowsy river town. Lilian always received him hospitably. Irena would glow at his coming with a charming shy delight.

With every glimpse of the girl he found a deeper beauty. His gallant boyish heart thrilled, his very soul went out in a tumult of longing, a frantic desire to serve her, his lovely lady, with the best that was in him.

The summer wore away. Tireless, forever failing, Coleman fought on at his absurd one-sided duel. Lilian was an honest foe: more than once she spoke out, straight and fair:

"Oh, you're welcome to come see Irena, Mr. Coleman. And you're welcome to take her away from me, on one condition. Any time you can show me a woman who will bring Irena up better than I can, then I give her up—right then and there. You can bank on that. For I want Irena to be a lady, a real lady, in every way. But, till then, Irena's mine. And you're wastin' time tryin' to win her away."

Against that tragi-comic ultimatum Coleman could beat himself in vain. But at length the sardonic fates took a hand.

It was late October, and the fall rains were on, when the Chief Engineer's wife and sister, middle-aged Boston women, took it into their amiable heads to spend a week with him as a surprise.

They reached the tumble-down Junction, twenty miles below camp, to find that the tracks were under water; that no train was for hire, short of Memphis; that there was no hotel of any sort for miles. But Grogan was aboard the train. With generous courtesy, he loaded the ladies, big baggage, into his launch, and took them twenty miles up the river to camp.

THREE days later the two visitors steamed down to *Wonderland* to express their thanks.

They had come for an hour—they stayed the entire afternoon. The next day they asked Lilian and Irena to camp to spend a week-end.

Coleman knew nothing of their coming. He spent that week in St. Louis. It was a grinding week. On the last night he came home at eight, and threw himself on his bed, too dead tired to go to dinner. An hour later a rap on the door awoke him. He sat up, stiff and blinking.

"Lady to see you, sir."

"Lady? What lady?"

"Sorry, sir." An alarmed page stood at the door. "She would come up. I couldn't stop her, sir."

Coleman looked, puzzled, at the approaching figure.

"I—Miss de Montmorency!" he burbled welcome. "Delighted! May I take you down to the drawing-room? I have no sitting-room here."

"No, you may not. I want to see you. See you alone."

Lilian de Montmorency stood breathing hard and fast. Under her toppling plumes her face was gray-white, stricken.

"Irena's here. Down at the depot. With the Chief's wife."

"Irena!"

"Yes. I brought her up on the train. For I'm goin' to give her up. Give her up—to you."

"Give her up—to *me*? What on earth—"

"It was those two women-folks done it," Lilian spoke on, half to herself. "If they hadn't come I'd never known the difference. But, now I do know, I can't go back on my word. I've always vowed that if any other woman could make a finer lady out of Irena than me, why, I'd throw down my hand and quit. Here's where I quit. Right now."

She halted. Coleman waited.

"I kinder sensed the difference, the minute they crossed the gang-plank. Though they weren't nothing to look at—sandy, and snub-nosed, and the plainest duds ever. But it was all there, you bet! The way they talked, low and soft, and brisk, too, and the way they ate their victuals, and the things they talked about to Irena. Books and plays I never even heard tell of. And they hadn't eyes for nothin' but Irena. They began askin' her questions right from the start. Was her pa one of the Richmond MacLarens, and was her ma a New England woman, and all such stuff. When she said he was, and her ma was Sarah Peabody of Haverhill, they purred over her like she was the Queen's cousin. But that wasn't all."

Coleman sprang up.

"Don't tell me if it hurts you to say it. Don't, please!"

"Set still. I've got to tell you. They was in their state-room. They didn't know there was nothin' but canvas between them and me. The Chief's wife, she says, in that crisp, carryin' voice:

"'Arbutus ought to be her name. Such a New England flower!'

"'A New England flower blossoming in this mire,' says the sister. 'This dreadful circus-boat for a home. This impossible creature for a foster-mother!' She meant me."

Coleman started toward her. She waved him away.

"Just let me finish. The sister went on:

"'Give that child the right rearing, and she could hold her own anywhere. But, poor little lovely soul, she will be chained down to the Montmorency level all her days.'

"'Somebody ought to tell her.'

"'Somebody never will. It would be too cruel. No. In the goodness of her heart, the Montmorency will keep on boosting, and Irena will be a Montmorency herself, come twenty years.'

"Then they stopped. But they'd said a-plenty.

"First I tried to bluff it out. Here I was, with ten times more looks than they two put together, an' money an' style besides. If I couldn't make a lady out of Irena, who could? But I couldn't bluff for a cent. Those women were the real thing. They knew.

"Irena loves Grogan and me dearly. She'll always love us. But if I keep her, time will come she'll know, too. She'll say to herself, 'Lil could have given me my chance. But she held it back. Lil was good and kind, but she wasn't square.'

"That's why I'm giving her up. Hurt? Well— Grogan and me, we lost all three of our own kids, years ago. When Irena came, seemed like the Lord was tryin' to make it up to us. To lose her now—now, when she's grown into our very hearts—"

She stood up, swaying. She looked like a woman smitten with old age in a single night.

"But it is not fair! It is not just!" All Coleman's smug Puritan walls were down. He stormed with angry pity. "You shall not give her up. It's too beastly mean! When you love her so—when you've spent yourself, body and soul, for her good!"

"Oh, yes, it's fair. And nothing could cost me too much, if it's for Irena."

She put out her hand to him gently.

"Go down to the depot now. Tell Irena that you want her to go to Boston and study, and grow up a real lady. A lady that's real enough for one of you swell Colemans, even." She smiled at his flushed demur with a deep and gentle understanding. "No, son, you haven't fooled me—not one minute. And I can't speak higher for you than to say you're good enough for Irena. Only—promise me one thing! Promise you'll be good to Irena. Always—always!"

"Yes, I'll be good to her." Coleman choked. Victory was his, and its taste was bitter in his mouth. Then inspiration fired his stumbling tongue.

"You say that you're not a lady. Can't you see how nobly you are proving yourself right here and now? Don't you know that only a lady—a lady in every fiber—could do what you have done?"

SLOW color mounted in Lilian's face.

"Oh, I ain't worth praise like that, son," she stammered, oddly abashed. "Though it's kind of you to say it." Her voice took on a piteous, grateful note. "I—I won't forget your sayin' it, neither. Go on now. Tell Irena I'm sending her away because it's best for us both. Tell her she'll understand it all some day. And—if you'd just as lief, you—you might say to her—"

"Yes?" Coleman's grasp tightened on her big soft fingers.

"Tell her—" Lilian hung back, half ashamed. Then her drawn mouth set in a pitiful, plucky smile. "Tell her the spiel you gave me just now."

"The spiel I gave you—"

"Yes. That—maybe I've got the makings of a lady, after all. Maybe I am a real lady inside. Even if it never does show through. I—I'd kind of like to have her know."

"All right," said young Coleman brusquely.

He had to be brusque or break; for his heart was down on its knees to the tawdry royal creature before him.

"But that's the last thing on earth that I'd need to tell Irena. Irena has always known you as you really are. Irena will always know."

"Lilian caught the girl close. 'Go call off your school, Mr. Coleman. It couldn't make a grander lady of Irena than I shall.'"

What Should This Woman Do?

She gave up an income of $2000 a year to marry the pastor of a church like this. He is devoted and successful, yet they are hardly able to make ends meet, so many are the demands upon a minister. Now, when they are in debt and frightfully worried, she is offered an opportunity to take her former position again.

The wife of the owner of this saloon has no financial worries. Even the wife of a day laborer has more financial peace than this wife of a minister. Should she return to her former employment to help out? What would her husband's parishioners say? We print her story just as it came to us; what should this woman do?

WHEN Stephen and I fell in love five years ago, I was twenty-six, and he was twenty-eight, and the brilliant and devoted pastor of a city church. The Sunday before our wedding—which caused actual consternation among the church members who saw a sales-person becoming their minister's wife—the congregation raised Stephen's salary to $1800 a year. Two weeks before I had resigned my position as head of the dress department of a large department store, where for two years I had earned, in salary and commissions, more than $2000 a year.

I used to laugh at Stephen when, before we were married, he asked me if I was sure I would never regret abandoning my earning abilities to share with him less than I had earned alone.

"Why," I would answer, "I'd marry you if you were a laborer making fifteen dollars a week!"

How many times since I have thought how much more true independence, how much less worry and scheming and scrambling to make both ends meet, we should have had if he were a laborer at two and a half dollars a day instead of a minister at more than double that pay! How it would simplify my problem now, as I find myself taking charity—there is no other word for it—to keep my children clothed, and as I witness my husband worrying more hopelessly each year to maintain our required standard of living.

This must sound as if Stephen had failed, or at least stood still in the ministry. On the contrary, Stephen is succeeding. His salary, as an index of this growth, is now $2400 a year.

Stephen's salary—so we call it; but the church people require duties of me in quite as exacting a spirit as they do of Stephen. Those duties I had expected, and am glad to undertake; but I had not anticipated baking bread and pies and cake and cookies for sale as an essential part of my life as the wife of a minister. But without the continuous "dinners," "bazaars," "sales," and festivals organized by the women whom I am supposed to lead, Stephen's salary would not be paid, and our church would cease to meet current expenses.

I fear that I am not an ideal minister's wife; for I seem to have brought from business a taste for independence which makes it difficult, in these circumstances, to be properly grateful when my husband's salary is paid.

Neither can I feel the proper gratitude for the intense interest taken by church members in our family affairs—for the virtual dictation by the church of the way we must order our family life and apportion our personal expenses.

I first encountered that interference before our marriage. Stephen and I had been looking for an apartment. We had talked the matter over several times.

We had agreed that a fifth of the income for rent should be the highest possible figure. Stephen's salary was then $150 a month, so that made $30 the price we could afford for rent. For that much money we found a pleasant, sunny little four-room apartment in a quiet street not many minutes' walk from the church. Stephen and I were at the real estate office making final arrangements to take it, when Stephen was called to the telephone. Mr. Lloyd—one of the richest and most influential men in our church—was on the wire. Some one, who had taken an interest in us, had reported what we were doing, and Mr. Lloyd had acted immediately.

"It was the distinct understanding of the congregation when we raised your salary," he said to Stephen—so forcibly that I, and the real estate agent also, I am sure, heard him distinctly—"that the increase would enable you to occupy a properly dignified homeclose to the church and accessible to our members."

So we started in a five-room apartment at fifty dollars a month—almost double what we ought to have paid.

APPEARANCES! Keeping up appearances! How opposed in every principle that is to the teachings of the Church. But how this "keeping up appearances" is imposed upon a minister! At the start, our $1800 a year, of course, should have been enough to provide two people with every comfort; and our $2400 a year now, properly apportioned, would excellently provide for our little family of four.

I am well aware that $2400 a year is far in excess of the average family income; but the average family is not required to live in a community of people spending from $4000 to $20,000 a year, and obliged to keep up appearances.

Where does our money go? I present our monthly outlay, not with any idea that it is a model for the expenditure of two hundred dollars for a family of four, but rather the opposite. It is simply the best arrangement I have been able to devise to provide required appearances and to supply necessities:

Rent	$55.00
Charity and church dues	12.00
Insurance	15.00
Maid	22.00
Groceries	30.00
Meat	10.00
Milk	10.00
Gas	3.00
Telephone	5.00
Light	2.00
Ice	1.00
Stephen's clothes	8.00
Stephen's laundry	3.00
Children's clothes	5.00
Doctor and dentist	10.00
Drugs	3.00
	$194.00

This leaves six dollars a month for car-fare and sundries, including my clothes.

The item for doctor and dentist includes, of course, the "cost" of our two babies. For many months after the birth of each baby I went without buying any new clothes for myself; and now, when the "children's diseases" came around, the children and I go shabby for a whole season—or take obesity.

This last winter it was scarlet fever. Both of the children were very ill; but we pulled them through—we had a trained nurse day and night for two weeks for the baby. So, in the spring, I found myself with my blessed babies safe, but with absolutely no money to clothe them. I had no good street dress myself; but, though my old one was shabby, at least I could wear it! I had not grown, but the children had.

Then arrived our first charity box. It came from Mrs. Lloyd.

"It was sent out of pure kindness," I kept saying over and over to myself as I took out the underclothing, "rompers," dresses, and little hats that her children had outgrown, and, for myself, a dress I had often seen her wear. I argued with myself long that afternoon, and was able, when Stephen came in, to say to him—in a voice that was almost too calm—that we had had a piece of good fortune, and to show him the clothing.

He said nothing at all—just turned and walked out again, and didn't come back until supper-time. Then he said:

"We must keep those things, of course."

I said, "Of course."

If we were obliged to keep on in our present way of living, the children could not grow into the strong, independent man and woman that I prayed nightly they might be. We must make some change, Stephen and I; and Stephen, without leaving the ministry, could not make it. So it must be for me to make the change. The salary my employment had brought me six years before came into my mind again and again.

My old way of life, with its freedom from the surveillance of others in small personal matters, was in my mind day before yesterday as I walked down a street near the store where I used to work, when I encountered Mr. Alden, the general manager. I did not expect that he would recognize me, for I was older and shabby—I was not wearing Mrs. Lloyd's dress that day. But he stopped me with outstretched hand.

"Miss Chapin! That is, I mean Mrs. ——"

"Andrews," I supplied.

"Yes, I had forgotten your married name; but this day I was going to look it up and write you a letter. Can you come up to my office with me for a moment?"

I went, fearing, hoping—I did not know what. On the way we chatted. I told him about my children. I could see he was appraising me; and, as soon as we were in his office, he made the offer plainly to me:

"I was going to write you about this; I have tried no fewer than eight women in your position since you left me, Mrs. Andrews. Every one of them has made a failure. If you care to come back to me,—either for an indefinite employment, or for two years in which you will find and train for me a successor,—I will pay you an advance of twenty per cent. over your last salary, and you will receive every possible privilege as to hours, leave of absence in case of sickness or other emergency at home. You need not be in your office earlier than nine, and I believe it can be arranged that you can leave at five on week-days and at noon on Saturdays. What do you say?"

I didn't know what to say; but he must have seen me start as I thought of what I had the power to do. The five thousand dollars additional to Stephen's salary that I could earn in two years! How it would relieve everything, give us something in the bank, take away the worry and strain and constant fear of catastrophe! Mr. Alden, seeing my struggle, kindly inquired more about my affairs. I needed money, didn't I? Yes, desperately. Couldn't my mother or some one come and take care of the children when I was at work? Yes; my mother, though unable to help us in any other way, could do that. I could not flatter myself that my children would be under less efficient care for the next two years if my mother looked out for them during the day than if I did. It simply meant moving to an apartment with an extra room for her; and that expense would be nothing compared to what I could earn. Then, if I had to have money—I had admitted that—what was the obstacle?

"But, Mr. Alden, you have forgotten," I said at last. "I married a minister."

"Oh, I had forgotten!"

His manner changed at once. He was not less eager to employ me; he simply was less hopeful of it.

BUT why, I asked myself, why should this be? Why should I feel, or be made to feel, that because I am the wife of a minister I am not as free to help my husband and my children as I would be if Stephen were in other work? Is it because the church does employ me too, and has a just claim on all of my time? Why does it not pay me, then? Or, if it considers it is paying me now, why does it not give Stephen and me together better than a day laborer's wages?

If it is right for me—if it is expected of me—to cook and serve and sell food at church suppers to help pay my husband's salary, why is it that the plain proposal of my working downtown, at excellent pay and under dignified conditions, to help my husband directly, is certain to cause a scandal?

Mr. Alden has given me time to think it over and to let him know what I shall do. And what shall I do? Is it a false restriction that the wife of a minister—offered the opportunity to help her husband and to free herself and children from a degrading position of petty dependence—is not free to work for money save in the church parlors? Or am I free? Should I defy the restriction as false, and not as the wife of any one but a minister would? In plain words, what should I do?

Towing Cecil to a Smear

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Frank Snapp

"'I trust,' says Old Hickory Ellins, 'that you are prepared to face the British War Office?'"

JUST think! If it had turned out a little different I might have been called to stand on a platform in front of City Hall while the Mayor wished a Victoria Cross or something like that on me.

No, I ain't been nearer the front than Third Avenue, but at that I've come mighty near gettin' on the firin' line, and the only reason I missed out on pullin' a hero stunt was that Maggie wa'n't runnin' true to form.

It was like this. Here the other morning, as I'm sittin' placid at my desk dictatin' routine correspondence into a wax cylinder that's warmuted not to yank gum or smell of frangipani,—sittin' there dignified and a bit haughty, like a highborn private sec. ought to, you know,—who should come paddin' up to my elbow but the main wheeze, Old Hickory Ellins.

"Son," says he, "can any of that wait?"

"Guess it wouldn't spoil, sir," says I, switchin' off the dufflicker.

"Good!" says he. "I think I can employ your peculiar talents to better advantage for the next few hours. I trust that you are prepared to face the British War Office?"

Suspectin' that he's about to indulge in his semiannual josh, I only grins expectant.

"We have with us this morning," he goes on, "one Lieutenant Cecil Fothergill, just arrived from London. Perhaps you saw him as he was shown in half an hour or so ago?"

"The solemn-lookin' gink with the long face, one wanderin' eye, and the square-set shoulders?" says I. "Him in the light tan ridin'-breeches and the black cutaway?"

"Precisely," says Mr. Ellins.

"Huh!" says I. "Army officer? I had him listed as a rail-bird from the Horse Show."

"He presents credentials signed by General Kitchener," says Old Hickory. "He's looking up munition contracts. Not the financial end. Nor is he an artillery expert. Just exactly what he is here for I've failed to discover, and I am too busy to bother with him."

"I get you," says I. "You want him stunted."

Old Hickory nods.

"Quite delicately, however," he goes on. "The Lieutenant seems to have something on his mind—something heavy. I infer that he wishes to do a little inspecting."

"Oh!" says I.

YOU see, along late in the summer, one of our Wall Street men had copped out a whalin' big shell-case contract for us, gaily ignorin' the fact that this was clean out of our line.

How Old Hickory did roast him for it at the time! But when he come to figure out the profits, Mr. Ellins don't do a thing but rustle around, lease all the stray factories in the market, from a canned gas plant in Bayonne to a radiator foundry in Yonkers, fit 'em up with the proper machinery, and set 'em to turnin' out battle pills by the train-load.

"I gather," says Mr. Ellins, "that the Lieutenant suspects we are not taking elaborate precautions to safeguard our munition plants from—well, Heaven knows what. So if you could show him around and ease his mind any it would be helpful. At least, it would be a relief to me just now. Come in and meet him."

My idea was to chirk him up at the start.

"Howdy, Lieutenant," says I, extendin' the cordial paw.

But both the Lieutenant's eyes must have been wanderin', for he don't seem to notice my friendly play.

"Haar-r-r yuh," he rumbles from somewhere below his collar-button, and with great effort he manages to focus on me with his good lamp. For a single-barreled look-over, it's a keen one, too—like bein' stabbed with a cheese-taster. But it's soon over, and the next minute he's listenin' thoughtful while Old Hickory is explainin' how I'm the one who can tow him around the munition shops.

"Torchy," Mr. Ellins winds up with, shootin' me a meanin' look from under his bushy eyebrows, "I want you to show the Lieutenant our main works."

"Eh?" says I, gawpin'. For he knew very well there wa'n't any such thing.

His left eyelid does a slow flutter.

"The main works, you understand," he repeats. "And see that Lieutenant Fothergill is well taken care of. You will find the limousine waiting."

"Yes, sir," says I. "I'm right behind you."

Course, if Mr. Robert had been there instead of off honeymoonin', this would have been his job. He'd have towed Cecil to his club, fed him Martinis and vintage stuff until he couldn't have told a 32-inch shell from an ash-can; handed him a smooth spiel about capacity, strain tests, shipping facilities, and so on, and dumped him at his hotel entirely satisfied that all was well, without having been off Fifth Avenue.

The best I can do, though, is to steer him into a flossy Broadway grill, shove him the wine-card with the menu, and tell him to go the limit.

He orders a pot of tea and a combination chop.

"Oh, say, have another guess," says I. "What's the matter with that squab casserole and something in a silver ice-bucket?"

"Thank you, no," says he. "I—er—my nerves, you know."

I couldn't deny that he looked it, either. Such a high-strung, jumpy party he is, always glancin' around suspicious. And that wanderin' stare eye of his, scoutin' about on its own hook independent of the other, sort of adds to the general sleuthy effect. Kind of weird, too.

But I tries to forget that and get down to business.

"Surprisin', ain't it," says I, "how many of them shells can be turned out by—"

"S-s-s-sh!" says he, glancin' cautious at the omnibus-boy cruisin' to set up our table.

"Eh?" says I, after we've been supplied with rolls and sweet butter and ice water. "Why the panic?"

"Spies!" he whispers husky.

"What, him?" says I, starin' after the innocent-lookin' party in the white apron.

"There's no telling," says Cecil. "One can't be too careful. And it will be best, I think, for you to address me simply as Mr. Fothergill. As for the—er—goods you are producing, you might speak of them as—er—hams, you know."

I EXPECT I gawped at him some foolish. Think of springin' all that mystery dope right on Broadway! And, as I'm none too anxious to talk about shells anyway, we don't have such a chatty luncheon. I'm just as satisfied. I wanted time to think what I should exhibit as the main works.

That Bayonne plant wa'n't much to look at, just a few sheds and a spur track. I hadn't been to the Yonkers foundry, but I had an idea it wa'n't much more impressive. Course, there was the joint on East 153d Street. I knew that well enough, for I'd helped negotiate the lease.

It had been run by a firm that was buildin' some new kind of marine motors, but had gone broke. Used to be a stove works, I believe.

Anyway, it's only a two-story cement block affair, jammed in between some car-barns on one side and a brewery on the other. Hot proposition to trot out as the big end of a six-million-dollar contract! But it was the best I had to offer, and after the Lieutenant had finished his Oolong and lighted a cigarette I heads him into the limousine again and we shoots uptown.

"HERE we are," says I, as we turns into a cross street just before it ends in the East River. "The main works," and I waves my hand around casual.

"Ah, yes," says he, gettin' his eye on the tall brick stack of the brewery and then lettin' his gaze roam across to the car-barns.

"Temporary quarters," says I. "Kind of miscellaneous, ain't they? Here's the main entrance. Let's go in here first." And I steers him through the office door of the middle buildin'. Then I hunts up the superintendent.

"Just takin' a ramble through the works," says I. "Don't bother. We'll find our way."

Some busy little scene it is, too, with all them lathes and things goin', belts whirrin' overhead, and workmen in undershirts about as thick as they could be placed.

I towed Cecil in and out of rooms, up and down stairs, until he must have been dizzy, and ends by leadin' him into the yard.

"Storage sheds," says I, pointin' to the neat rows of shell-cases piled from the ground to the roof. "And a dozen motor-trucks haulin' 'em away all the time."

The Lieutenant he inspects some of 'em, lookin' wise; and then he walks to the back, where there's a high board fence with barbed wire on top. "What's over there?" says he.

"Blamed if I know," says I.

"It's rather important," says he. "Let's have a look."

I didn't get the connection, but I helped him shove a packin'-case up against the fence, so he could climb up. For a minute or so he stares, then he ducks down and beckons to me.

"I say," he whispers. "Come up here. Don't show your head. There! What do you make of that?"

So I'm prepared for something tragic and thrillin'. But all I can see is an old slate-roofed house, one of those weather-beaten, dormer-windowed relics of the time when that part of town was still in the suburbs. There's quite a big yard in the back, with a few scrubby old pear trees, a double row of mangy box-bushes, and other traces of what must have been a garden.

In the far corner is a crazy old summer-house with a saggin' roof and the sides covered with tar paper. There's a door to it, fastened with a big red padlock.

Standin' on the back porch of the house are two of the help, as I judged. One is a square-built female with a stupid, heavy face, while the other is a tall, skinny old girl with narrow-set eyes and a sharp nose.

"Well," says I, "where's your riot?"

"S-s-sh!" says he. "They're up to some mischief. One of them is hiding something under her shawl. Watch."

Sure enough, the skinny one did have her left elbow stuck out, and there was a bulge in the shawl.

"Looks like a case of emptyin' the ashes," says I.

"Or of placing a bomb," whispers the Lieutenant.

"Moonshine!" says I. "Bomb your aunt! What for should they—"

"Look now!" he breaks in. "There!"

THEY'RE advancin' in single file, slow and stealthy, and gazin' around cautious. Mainly they seem to be watchin' the back fire-escapes of the flat buildin' next door, but now and then one of 'em

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turns and glances towards the old house they've just left. They make straight for the shack in the corner of the yard, and in a minute more the fat one has produced a key and is fumblin' with the red padlock.

She opens the door only far enough to let the slim one slip in, then stands with her back against it, her eyes rollin' first one way and then the other.

Two or three minutes the slim one was in there, then she slides out, the door is locked, and she scuttles off towards the house, the wide one waddlin' behind her.

"My word!" gasps the Lieutenant. "Right against the wing of your factory, that shed is. And a bomb of that size would blow it into match-wood."

"That's so," says I.

Course, we hadn't really seen any bomb; but, what with the odd motions of them two females and the Lieutenant's panicky talk, I was feelin' almost jumpy myself.

"A time-fuse, most likely," says he, "set for midnight. That should give us several hours. We must find out who lives in that house."

"Ought to be simple," says I. "Come on."

We chase around the block and rings up the janitor of the flat buildin'. He's a wrinkled, blear-eyed old pirate, just on his way to the corner with a tin growler.

"Yah! You won't git in to sell him no booze," says he, leerin' at us.

"Think so?" says I, displayin' a quarter temptin'. "Maybe if we had his name, though, and knew something about him, we might—"

"It's Bauer," says the janitor, eyein' the two bits longin', "Herman X. Bauer; a big brewer once, but now—yah, an old cripple. Gout, they say. And mean as he is rich. See that high fence? He built that to shut off our light—the swine! Bauer, his name is. You ask for Herman Bauer. Maybe you get in."

"Thanks, old sport," says I, slippin' him the quarter. "Give him your best regards, shall I?"

And as he goes off chucklin' the Lieutenant whispers hoarse:

"Hah! I knew it. Bauer, eh? And to-night he'll be sitting at one of those back windows, his ears stuffed with cotton, watching to see your plant blown up. We must have the constables here right away."

"On what charge?" says I. "That two of the kitchen maids was seen in their own back yard? You know you can't spring that safety-of-the-realm stuff over here. The police would only give us the laugh. We got to have something definite to tell the sergeant. Let's go after it."

"But I say!" protests Cecil. "Just how, you know?"

"Not by stickin' here, anyway," says I. "Kick in and use your bean, is my program. Come along and see what happens."

SO first off we strolls past and has a look at the place. It's shut in by a rusty iron fence with high spiked pickets. The house sets well back from the sidewalk, and the front is nearly covered by some sort of vine. At the side there are double gates openin' into a grass-grown driveway.

I was just noticin' that they was chained and locked when the Lieutenant gives me a nudge and pulls me along by the coat sleeve. I gets a glimpse of the square-built female waddlin' around the corner of the house. We passes by innocent and hangs up in front of a plumber's shop, starin' in at a fascinatin' display of one bath-tub and a second-hand hot-water boiler. Out of the corner of my eye, though, I could see her scout up and down the street, unfasten the gate, and then disappear.

"Huh!" says I. "Kitchen comp'ny expected."

"Or more conspirators," adds Cecil. "By Jove! Isn't this one now?"

There's no denyin' he looked the part, this short-legged, long-armed, heavy-podded gent with the greasy old derby tilted rakish over one ear. Such a hard face he has, a reg'lar low-brow mug, and a neck like a choppin'-block. His stubby legs are sprung out at the knees, and his arms have a good deal the same curve.

"Built like a dachshund, ain't he?" I remarks.

"Quite so," says Fothergill. "See, he's stopping! And he has a bundle under one arm."

"Overalls," says I. "Plumber, maybe."

"Isn't that a knife-handle sticking out of the end of the bundle?" asks the Lieutenant.

So it was; a butcher knife, at that. He has stopped opposite the double gates and is scowlin' around. Then he glances quick at the house. A side shutter opens just then and a dust-cloth is shaken vigorous. Seein' which, he promptly pushes through the gates.

"Ha!" says the Lieutenant. "A signal. He'll be the one to attach the fuse and light it, eh?"

WELL, I admit that up to that time I hadn't been takin' all this very serious, discountin' most of Cecil's suspicions as due to an overworked imagination. But now I'm beginnin' to feel thrills down my spine.

What if this was a bomb plot? Some sort of bunk was being put over here—no gettin' away from that. And if one of our shell factories was in danger of being dynamited, here was my cue to make a medal play, wa'n't it?

"I am for telephoning the authorities at once," announces Cecil.

"Ah, you don't know our bonehead cops," says I. "Besides, if we can block the game ourselves, what's the use? Let's get 'em in the act. I'm going to pipe off our friend with the meat-knife."

"I—I've only a .34-caliber automatic with me," says the Lieutenant, reachin' into his side pocket.

"Well, you don't want a machine-gun, do you?" says I. "And don't go shootin' reckless. Here, lemme get on the other side. Close to the house, now, on the grass, until we can get a peek around the—"

"S-s-s-sh!" says Cecil, grippin' my arm.

He was strong on shushin' me up, the Lieutenant was. This time, though, he had the right dope; for a few steps more and we got a view of the back porch.

And there are the two maids, hand in hand, watchin' the motions of the squatty gent, who is unlockin' the summer-house. He disappears inside.

At that Cecil just has to cut loose. Before I can stop him, he's stepped out, pulled his gun, and is wavin' it at the two females.

"I say, now! Hands up! No nonsense," he orders.

"Howly saints!" wails the square built party, clutchin' the slim one desperate. "Maggie! Maggie!"

Maggie she's turned pale in the gills, her mouth is hangin' open, and her eyes are bunged; but she ain't too scared to put up an argument.

"Have yez a warrant?" she demands. "Anyways, my Cousin Tim Foaley'll go bail for us. An' if it was that Swede janitor next door made the complaint on us I'll—"

"Woman!" breaks in the Lieutenant. "Don't you know that you have been apprehended in a grave offense? You'd best tell all. Now, who put you up to this? Your master, eh?"

"Howly saints! Mr. Bauer!" groans the fat one.

"For the love of the saints, don't tell him!" says Maggie. "Don't tell Mr. Bauer, there's a dear. It was all on Cousin Tim we got it."

"That miscreant in the shed there?" asks the Lieutenant.

"Him?" says Maggie. "Lord love ye, no. That's only Schwartzenberger, from the slaughter-house. And please, Mister, it'll be gone the mornin'—ivry bit gone."

"Oh, will it!" says Cecil sarcastic. "But you'll be in prison first."

"Wurra! Wurra!" moans the fat female. "Save us, Maggie! Let him have it for the takin's."

"I will not, then," says Maggie. "Not if he's the president of the Board of Health himself."

"Enough of this," says the Lieutenant. "Hands up, you bomb plotters!"

But about then I'd begun to acquire the hunch that we might be makin' a slight mistake, and that it was time for me to crash in. Which I does.

"Excuse me," says I; "but maybe it would help, Maggie, if you'd say right out what it is you've got in the shed there."

"What is it?" says she, tossin' her head defiant. "As though you didn't know? Well, it's a pig, then."

"A pig!" sneers the Lieutenant. "Very likely, that is!"

"Yes didn't think it was a hip-pot-to-mus, did ye?" comes back Maggie. "An' why should you be after botherin' us with your health ordinances—two poor girls that has a chance to turn a few pennies with pork so dear? 'Look at all that good swill goin' to waste,' says I to Katie here. 'An' who's to care if I do boil some extra praties now an' then? Mr. Bauer's that rich, ain't he? An' what harm at all should there be in raisin' one little shoat in th' back yard?' So there, Mister! Do your worst. An' maybe it's only a warnin' I'll get from th' justice when he hears how Schwartzenborger's killed and dressed and taken him off before daylight. There he goes, the poor darlint! That's his last squeal."

We didn't need to stretch our ears to catch it. I looks over at the Lieutenant and grins foolish. But he wouldn't be satisfied until Maggie had towed him out to view the remains. He's pink behind the ears when he comes back, too.

"Please, Mister Inspector," says Maggie, "you'll not have us up this time, will you?"

"Bah!" says Cecil.

"Seein' it's you," says I, "he won't. Course, though, a report of this plot of yours'll have to be made to the British War Office."

"Oh, I say now!" protests the Lieutenant.

And all the way down to his hotel he holds that vivid neck tint.

"WELL," says Old Hickory, as I drifts back to the office, "did you and the Lieutenant discover any serious plot of international character?"

"Sure thing!" says I. "We found a contraband Irish pig in Herman Bauer's back yard."

"Wha-a-at?" he demands.

"If the pig had been a bomb, and its tail a time fuse," says I, "it would have wrecked our main works. As it is, we've had a narrow escape. But I don't think Cecil will bother us any more. He's too good for the army, anyway. He ought to be writin' for the movies."

"' S-s-s-sh!' says he. 'They're up to some mischief. One of them is hiding something under her shawl.' 'Looks like a case of emptyin' the ashes,' says I."

Foreign Movies Made in the U. S. A.

THIS is Algeria, the home of the most desperate pirates of them all. Somebody, probably in the name of Allah, is attacking some one else in the marshy foreground; while, back in the shade of the palm trees, a pensive Arab stood spiritually gazes the sand. However, the actors in this picture have never seen Africa. Chatsworth Park, in California, is as far away from Broadway as they ever care to get, and the convincing palms in the background were placed there earlier in the week by order of the director of "Under Two Flags," produced by the Biograph Company.

A WONDERFUL South Sea Island picture, isn't it?—the rugged cavern behind the cannibal queen with her savage retinue. But this cannibal queen never ate a man in her life; she had her ham and eggs on the morning this picture was made at Santa Catalina, California, where she receives her mail in care of the Reliance Company.

YOU don't have to be told where this picture was made—Turkey, of course, or Arabia, or India, at the harem of the Sultan, Sheik, or Maharajah. As a matter of fact, this magnificent harem was built to order out in our own California for "The Mystic Jewel," produced by the Majestic Company. The only thing in the picture that came from the far East isn't in the picture at all—a Turkish cigarette which one of the stage hands was smoking behind the scenes.

SAHARA is the largest desert in the world. The Atlas Mountains and the Sudan, not to mention the Nile Valley and the Atlantic Ocean, try their best to bound it, but quite in vain. It certainly has its own way pretty much in Africa —about four million square miles' worth of it. But all deserts look the same to the camera. This little piece of Sahara, for instance, is in Nevada, where the Lasky Company staged "The Arab." Director de Mille is the man with his back turned. He is telling the camels to humip themselves more gracefully against the sky-line.

IT'S the same sunshine that falls on the children of the far South and of the North, but it's a very different ruin. In the tiertel zone, where this picture was supposed to be taken, people live very comfortably in their adobe houses; but up near Rye, New York, where movie means have not as yet mastered the art of adobe house-building, the rain dissolved this edifice three times before "The Woman Next Door" could be successfully pulled through her troubles.

MRS. CARLETON TYNDALL of the Woman Suffrage Party plays hide-and-seek and "Button, button, who's forgot his suffrage button?" with the voters of the 26th Assembly District.

"I AM always playing in some State or other that has woman suffrage," says Fearless Starr; "and when I come back East I wonder whether we are so awfully wide awake here as we think. Well, we have a chance to catch up next month."

DO I like being "the youngest organizer in the field"? echoes Mary De Wolfe Newcomb. "I *hate* it. Why? Because the reporters seem to find that fact more interesting than any of my remarks."

THIS is the engaging lady who threw a big scare into New York last August. You have guessed it: the Woman Strike. Nurses, teachers, telephone operators, stenographers—Mrs. Whitehouse wanted them all to stay at home for one day in order to spike forever the guns of that good old argument about where woman's place is. And thousands of them said they'd do it. Then Mrs. Whitehouse called the strike off—it would kill too many innocent non-combatants, she said.

Copyright, Underwood & Underwood

MARTHA KLATSCHKEN believes in barber shops for [illegible] because there your audience sits so nice and quiet. Miss Klatschken was one of the famous hikers. This is she hiking intensively. These are gala days for the attention-loving soul.

MRS. BELMONT raised her daughter to be a Duchess, and the Duchess of Marlborough is the most up and coming of all the sprightly made-in-America duchesses. Whenever she gets London welfare work temporarily licked into shape, she takes a week-end in her home town of New York and gives her mother a lift.

Copyright, Bain's Section

BEATRICE BENTON has tried her hand successfully at settlement work, reporting and acting, but best of all she likes to stand up in a machine somewhere along Fifth Avenue or Broadway and tell the passers-by how to vote on November 2.

"IF my money is good enough for the State," gustly growls Chrystal Herne, every time she pays her income tax, "what's the matter with my vote?"

ALBERTA HILL isn't afraid to argue with any politician going, and frequently upsets President Wilson by quoting "The New Freedom" to him.

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POLICE ARREST a mild Saratoga baby while on an Anti-Suffrage Headquarters automobile tour. When one peevish spirit up in Fifth Avenue observed them at the curb had to do something and he knew what he did

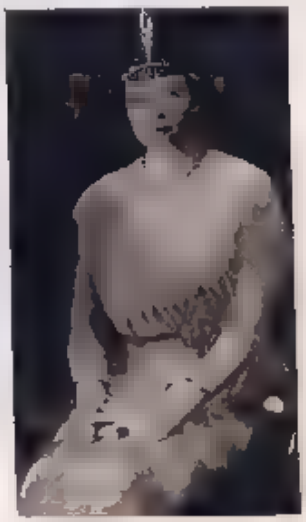
ROSE SANDERMAN is the official trumpeter of Woman suffrage in New York. On regular nights she is doing solos at several experimental parties; on outside of hours you may locate her anywhere from the Battery to Harlem starting something with a few well chosen notes

IAN in favor of [illegible] men vote says Evelyn Eastman Beardsley just as many of [illegible] their sweet but they will never [illegible] as well as women. They get so excited [illegible] at the ward

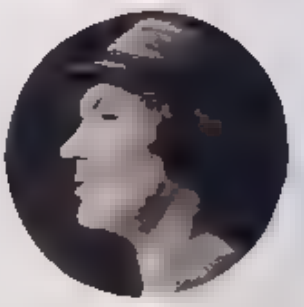
MARTHA HEDMAN [illegible] singing will vote [illegible] when they sing the last [illegible] in the Boomerang, and she [illegible] her rose-and-gold dressing-room [illegible] initiates in suffrage-minded [illegible] since she voted I had [illegible] before that back in Sweden says the actress

THE Stage Women's Political Club which played [illegible] the fact that 25,000 women have agreed to march in the suffrage parade on October 23. The stage nation struggles before a sex solidarity which even a dangerous can not stab

MME. ELISE KUTSCHERRA, one of Paris's most popular opera singers, is not afraid to be seen in the night air on her way when she is singing suffrage songs [illegible] an appreciative audience all the [illegible] took [illegible] the Anti-Men [illegible] in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]



KATHLEEN HOWARD, the prima donna, says that if home is woman's sphere she railroads ought to change her for excess baggage for she carries hers around with her. Before the vote-bringer comes out of true cranks and a vote-machine Miss Howard takes a little flyer into suffrage work whenever she finds herself in the thick of the fight. She has sung suffrage songs from her motor-car many times in London and New York



TILLEY [illegible] Marion Tomkins finishing school, but she wasn't finished [illegible] a vote and [illegible] a delegate to the next Constitutional convention, says Miss Tomkins

WHEN Susan B. Anthony [illegible] her hair she was pursued by mobs in the streets. Margaret Houghton is pursued now by photographers and designers of magazine covers

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Making the Great White Way White

By LOUISE EBERLE

Before signs with action were introduced [illegible] desirable roof [illegible] could be [illegible]

Now landlords have been able to advance the rentals of their roof [illegible] from $5,000 a year to $18,000 and even $30,000.

THERE used to be only one Great White Way in the United States; now there are thousands. The Great White Way has spread like a case of measles in a public school. The [illegible] of Smithtown and Jonesville will be dark or dark but one [illegible] fifty-fifty chance of revoking [illegible] the ventures not unguided, [illegible] Main Street [illegible] a different [illegible] For two blocks Main Street [illegible] a perfect blaze of glory. This [illegible] the proud resident guiding the [illegible] through in his sunlight [illegible] our Great White Way.

[illegible] the father of them all, New York's Broadway glitters on [illegible] four or five of those thousand dollars' worth of electric light [illegible] night. Seven hundred thousand people walk nightly under the glare of those lights, and say Broadway has a new sign just the same way that an astronomer would exclaim, "There is a new star in the heavens."

The [illegible] enough [illegible]

When Roofs Were Only Roofs

TEN years ago the matter of leasing roof space for a sign on Broadway was easy, for roofs were not roofs. But when [illegible] with an [illegible] were introduced, the Chariot Race, and the [illegible] skirts that defied the rain for so many years at the corner of [illegible] Street and Broadway, a desirable roof space climbed to $[illegible] a year. When the signs invaded Times Square, and the Great White Way became the world's biggest splurge—a certain landlord's specially fine location jumped to $75,000 one year [illegible] $30,000 the first.

But that isn't all. One advertising company is paying $5000 a year for a roof [illegible] it never intends to use, simply in order to keep all other signs which, if put up by some one else, would cut off one of its [illegible] signs, and so break the contract but calls for an unintercepted view.

After the lease is secured by an advertiser, the city must be dealt with. The fire commissioner must be satisfied as to the safety of the projected sign; another official must know what the wind pressure on it will be. Once sign-builders contemplated [illegible] electric bulbs with the stars, but a limit of seventy feet has been set on their aspirations. Another consideration is the distance between sign and roof; the fire department demanding [illegible] walking space for its men. Last, the sign must not be too heavy for the structure it is to rest upon. The steel supports of the building must be located, and the sign be built upon them. On one occasion these couldn't be found, and the building commissioner made the company run its own supports [illegible] down, embedded in the inner wall of the building.

Meanwhile the new sign in the [illegible] of the business is being manufactured in a shop. A blue [illegible] "sign size" blueprint is made [illegible] pattern, from which the sign [illegible] cut in sheet tin. This is painted, the holes cut for bulbs, the supports made, and nearly every detail completed. You don't often notice men working on an electric sign. The reason is the [illegible] with which they go up after leaving the shop. One of the biggest [illegible] a hundred feet [illegible] up between Monday morning and Tuesday night, when [illegible] bulbs flashed out the latest instalment in [illegible] business's perpetual thriller.

How do they work these signs? Some gravely surmise that a man stands behind each one to manipulate the changes; or that there's a regular switchboard with an operator somewhere. The operator, however, is a metal [illegible] a few feet long, that dwells in [illegible] place day and night on the roof. Inside is simply a row of inch-thick [illegible] [illegible] revolving on a single axis. Here and there a bit of each [illegible] has been cut away. As the drum revolves, [illegible] contact is made or broken, the tinsel on the sign is a green flash and a [illegible] But above the green sign flashes out its [illegible] of Broadway's [illegible]

A few employees, down somewhere in the building, have started and [illegible] the whole thing. [illegible] small, inconspicuous records [illegible] sign [illegible] for [illegible] The sign [illegible] thirty dollars' worth [illegible] That makes you realize how [illegible] [illegible] the advertising firm with the largest number of [illegible] signs [illegible] Broadway displays [illegible] Fifty-ninth streets 50,000 bulbs. Of course it gets a discount on a whole [illegible] you will be figuring up the [illegible] your own bill [illegible] and then multiplying by 5000, allowing [illegible] signs are lighted [illegible] half [illegible]

The great cities of Europe are dark with war and fear, but the Great White Way is still white.

Watching for Trouble

THERE is a [illegible] who each evening from opposite [illegible] the Great White Way [illegible] the middle and [illegible] night [illegible] signs [illegible] Herald Square whose [illegible] one night [illegible] there was a quick call for the emergency squad.

Another sign had an unprecedented number of breakages. The watcher [illegible] he had not long to wait after the sign was lighted. *Pop!* went one bulb, *bang!* another, and a third.

Still nothing could be detected until the watcher stopped and rested his puzzled eyes on a house across the street. There in an open window stood a man with an air-gun, improving his marksmanship on this marvelous target.

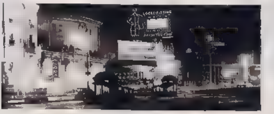
Never Mind the Cost

SEVEN hundred thousand people save electric light at home by promenading up and down in the free glare of Broadway. Are they all New Yorkers? Not by any means. Sooner or later, every man, woman, and child in the United States is drawn to that flaming path like moths to a blazing candle.

A traveler who would stand long enough in Times Square would ultimately meet all his friends from everywhere. That is why Broadway is more than a diagonal bisector of Manhattan, more [illegible] more than a five-mile-long sign board. [illegible] a personality.

And what do we care how much it costs [illegible] America's sign board [illegible] the foreigner [illegible] the world of the big [illegible] in which things are done on this side.

The cities of the Old World are dark with war and fear, but the Great White Way is still white.



Real estate values do not [illegible] when they come [illegible] daily

Behind the Bolted Door?

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

HOW was Mrs. Fisher murdered, and by whom? For the first correct solution of this mystery submitted in accordance with the announcement at the end of this instalment, we will pay $500.

The Characters.

JUDGE BISHOP, Mrs. Fisher's lawyer.

DOCTOR LANEHAM, her physician.

MISS DAPHNE HOPE, a lawyer in the Judge's office.

MR. WALTER WILLINGS, a settlement worker and friend of Miss Hope.

McGLOYNE, Chief of Detectives.

DR. LANEHAM and Judge Bishop, going to Mrs. Fisher's apartment together, are admitted by Jimmy, her Cockney butler. Mrs. Fisher, rich and benevolently inclined, has a fancy for giving ex-convicts a chance in her service, and both Jimmy and Maddalina, the Italian maid, are known to have "done time." Jimmy goes to announce them, but, instead of returning, packs a grip and mysteriously flees the house. The two men are left alone in the gathering darkness of the big living-room. They grow restless, and finally, calling Mrs. Fisher's name and receiving no response, seek to force an entrance into her private suite. They reach the first door, and instantly, as their fingers touch it, the lock is turned on the inside. They try a second door with the same result, and a third. Obviously some one is inside, but who? They hear footsteps, accompanied by an uncanny knocking on the woodwork. And a voice, as if in utter agony, crying "My God, my God!" Hall-boys and neighbors rush in; they burst down the door. Not a sound is heard, but lying beside the swimming-pool which she had built into the apartment, is the dead body of Mrs. Fisher. No one is in the apartment, yet there is no way in which any one could have escaped from it. Every door is bolted, every window locked.

Mrs. Fisher was known to have certain nature pearls of great value in her rooms. Was it for these she was murdered? If so, how was the murder committed, and by whom?

Dr. Laneham agrees, with the help of Miss Hope and young Willings, to take up the case. One of the scientific theories on which he proceeds is the discovery of Professor Zanerny, that in every murder case the close friends of the victim invariably "hold out" some information. He explains the theory to Judge Bishop, Miss Hope, and Willings; and the look on their faces—the famous "Zanerny look"—betrays the fact that each one of them is holding out something. But each protests that what he is holding out is unimportant.

Meanwhile, Jimmy is missing, Maddalina is missing. McGloyne, the Chief of Detectives, has made no progress except to suspect Willings, who had called at Mrs. Fisher's apartment that afternoon. And Dr. Laneham [illegible] nothing except a "murder note" lying on Mrs. Fisher's desk and a few charred bits of paper in one of the Fisher fireplaces. Who, then, murdered Mrs. Fisher?

IT was characteristic of Laneham that before he slept that night he had already arranged, so far as was humanly possible, to free himself of all professional duties for the next ten days. Fortunately, he could turn things over to McMaster, of his Hartsdale [illegible], with an almost easy mind.

It was no less characteristic of him that, before he had risen next morning, he had already begun to arrange and classify the ghastly data of the night before as if for a hospital record. A pad and pencil lay on his dressing-table, and as he went to and fro, from [illegible] he made a jotting. Who [illegible] killed Mrs. Fisher? In the end he had showed roughly this:

A. *Facts [illegible]*

[illegible] by Judge Bishop, self, and others at [illegible] in Mrs. Fisher's private suite [illegible] Took it [illegible] taken place within [illegible] hours previously.

2. [illegible] maid, Maddalina [illegible] had already fled.

3. English butler, Jimmy, also [illegible] shows great nervousness, and flees after admitting self and [illegible].

4. Blank paper had been substituted for [illegible] notes in bank envelope left by Mrs. Fisher for young Willings.

5. [illegible] attempt to break into [illegible] safe in Mrs. Fisher's rooms, containing pearls. [illegible] Judge and self had [illegible] attempt to gain entrance [illegible] The Fleet Protection company had no marks [illegible] to force the door.

B. *[illegible]*

1. All doors of Mrs. Fisher's private suite locked [illegible] windows [illegible] locked [illegible] as Judge [illegible] them.

2. Following [illegible] thrice-repeated sound of rapping or knocking [illegible] and a voice crying [illegible] deep [illegible] Same rapping or knocking also heard [illegible] earlier by Willings.

3. [illegible] not appeared [illegible] and markings [illegible] and complete [illegible]

4. Though murderer [illegible] arrival of Judge Bishop and self, and all doors and windows were locked upon our entrance, he had disappeared [illegible] have [illegible]

And then, as a final note, he had written [illegible] seemingly superior [illegible] every [illegible] to the Jimmy the butler.

BY [illegible] he had finished his memorandum [illegible] Miss Hope and Willings, his two "special deputies," had arrived. He heard [illegible] his man and Mrs. Neilson, his housekeeper, installing them. Number 390 was a big, well appointed house. There was no good reason why they should not be at least physically at ease.

He met them on the stairs, and led them over side by side and sat them down on the big leather window-seat.

"Well, you're here. And you've forgiven me that Zanerny stuff?"

"I guess so," said D. Hope.

"I knew you would. And how do your settlement people take it that you're going to leave them and move up here with me?"

"They know it was better for us to leave—for a while, at least. And then, they know you too."

"Thank you. And the pater?"

"He's in Japan somewhere," Miss Hope replied. "They all are. And they won't hear of it for another month."

"Which, I should say, is just as well."

Both of the young people looked very quiet and businesslike. The girl, deep-breasted, supple, free of limb, was almost the larger. But Willings' big round glasses were accompanied by any amount of clean, tanned sinew; and, with the humor in his face, there was all the pluck and spirit needed.

"The first thing," said the Doctor, speaking first to him, "is, how far are we to let the lady go in this?"

"Why," she asked, "what do you mean?"

"Simply [illegible] at least, of [illegible] likely to [illegible] the old ugliness of bad men in this city of adventures. And after all, you are a woman, you know."

"Now, Doctor, listen." One thing D. Hope possessed was a faculty for looking straight at people and speaking in the same way. And she spoke so now. "I settled all that forever the first week I was down in Hudson Street when I got into one of those West Side gang fights we have down there. I didn't know what it was at first. All I saw was a young fellow come bursting out of a crowd. I thought he was wearing a big red neck-tie. But it wasn't a neck-tie. And two others were after him, and more behind yelling at them to 'make it a job.' He ran into a store—a delicatessen shop. Of course like any girl if she lets herself, I began telling myself that I must get away—that I mustn't even dream of interfering. And then I thought 'Yes, and isn't that just exactly why we've always been an inferior sex—and we have been!' And if I could do anything at all, even the littlest thing—"

"I'll tell the rest," said Willings. "When I came along I found her standing in the door of that delicatessen store, with the biggest bain knife. And if any of those tough guys had really tried to pass—"

"All right!" said Laneham. "I surrender. Say no more. And I'll tell you now what I want you to do first."

WHEN Judge Bishop arrived he was just finishing.

"There were only a few charred bits of paper. I picked them out of one of the grates up there at the

"The little butler was trying to fight them off. 'Let me die, I tell you. Let me die! Ain't it no proof to you that [illegible] I'm [illegible] to die?'"

corner of
advertising typ
D. The paper
looked like the cover of a magazine. And
because *mund* is a German word you'd
better try the German book-stores first
of all. See if there's a copy of a magaz
-D in big letters up in

aid the Judge. "Well. A
any rate, you sound professional enough
And who's the answer?"

"Binky, if you won't mind too much, I
don't believe I'll tell you.

"Why?

"I don't believe I'll tell you. Because
probably I'm wrong. At the start, at
least. I'll probably be wrong four times
out of fiv

To-day
at Attorney of the city and
p s lot to gum you on along

"All right, Lan whatever you think
it's just as you say

"But there's something I can tell you",
ming again
n there was the
same that sent my hurry call,"

question. It's
Miss McCallum—in my lower office, you
know. The call came in to her. The
words used were simple enough. I was
merely to come at once. But she says
the voice was one she'll never forget. She
thinks *for me*."

"My Lord! But, at any rate, that's
something learned.

And they went up to the Casa Grande
together

THEY went first because they had to
attend the coroner's inquest.
ninary inquest, too. It
called attention to the obvious and shut
his eyes to all that was not. But it at
least made it possible for
be removed. The funeral was to be

keep you from getting anything."

"Maybe so, but I must play the

In his pocket and on his conscience
was the murder note he had picked up
on the apartment. He pulled it out as he
walked and glanced at it again. At the
top, in fine, clear script:

We have now reached the point where it must be either murder or suicide.

And beneath, in the writing which
Judge Bishop had identified as Mrs.
Fisher's own

Couldn't it be made to look like
both?

What did it mean? Whose hand, so
well trained, so unshaken, had penned
the fatal lines at the top of the sheet?

If the big Chief of Detectives showed
the first sign of reciprocity, he intended
to show that note to him. And with all
the fact that was in him he began to ex-
plain himself

told McGlynn that he had been
the case simply because
of special medical and psychopathic
knowledge. His only desire was to be
useful; perhaps they might be al
help each other. And, for his
wanted to ask now if the Ide
Bureau had as yet given anything on
either the Fisher butler or Maddalian,
the maid."

It was rather a long speech. And Mc-
Glynn waited, half staring at him, till he
had finished. Then, without answering,
he laughed, turned away and began to
talk to one of his lieutenants.

The insult was gross enough, but only
as a last resort did Lanehan intend to go
over his head to Bishop or the Commis-
sioner. It still remained to be seen just
how far the big Inspector's powers
extended.

BEFORE an hour was over he might
well have decided that they
othing very like complete ol
wanted a set of floor-plans, both for
the Casa Grande and the Casa Rosita.
Though without either
ntact connections, both were simply
ves of the same building. And he
de his request at the renting office.

He was refused, absolutely. "under or-
ders just issued by the Detective Bureau."

He tried to talk to one of the house men.
Did he know, asked the Doctor whether
Jimmy, the butler, had any fri
vocation them if he saw them?
would not answer. He too
Lanehan, in

He went to the woman across the court,
a Mrs. Duromeaux. It was she who had
heard the shrieks! In M
ing, Sec. Sec., and No, no, no!"
Would she know the voices of the Fisher
eaux, too, had been
she refused to speak a word.

There was still the matter of tracing
his hurry call. And, visiting the local
telephone exchange, he showed his c
dentials and asked to see the record.
They had it, of course!

"Oh, certainly. But they were very
sorry, there was an order against it."

"An order?"

I just been requested,
could get the informa-
going where the order

"Why, of course, the Detective Depart-

"All right," he told

two Central Office men had begun turning
out the drawers of Mrs. Fisher's old
Washington des

They were now at it again. They were
opening bundle after bundle of her cor-
respo or. And at one side they had
a yellow unlocked boxes of

It was that, indeed, which brought the
Doctor to a halt

"If you're after stuff on the high
of livin'," said one of these "C. O.'s,"—
and there was a jeer in his voice which
said that here, too, Lanehan had been
opposed,—"there's a bunch o' evidence
there."

"Thanks," responded the Doctor.

Picking one of the yellow files from the
heap, he began to leaf it over
mained what any one would have
for in it: the receipted bills of
butcher and baker of florist and doc-

He looked
at these Central Office men. They were
no longer observing him. Cautiously he
went back to one section of that first file.
And five minutes later with eyes that
shone suddenly, he was at a tele-
phone.

He first got in touch with his two "spe-
cial deputies" -or arranged through Ja-
cobs to do it when next they should call
up again.

Then he got Bishop. Could he come
in again that night, he asked him—any
time after ten?

Promptly at ten that night the Judge

"Well?" he said heartily, before he had
thrown off his coat, "is there anything on
Jimmy yet?"

"A little. He was employed last by a
Mrs. Morson Dillingham now living at
the Sorrento, in East Eighty-fourth
Street. He is almost certain to go back
to her. In fact, he may have been there
-by, and I think not. And if not, he
ll probably call about this time to-
night or to-morrow night. In any case
Willings and D. Hope are watching
now."

Bishop laid down his cigar with a kind

"And *how*, Lanny, *how*? If you'll just
begin with the explanation—"

But at that moment the telephone

was D. Hope.

"Doctor! Doctor!" she was crying.
"He's in there now. And Mr. Willings is
up at the garage. But I've nailed him,
and he's coming with the runabout!"

But the Doctor had arranged cover for
watching. Directly opposite the Sor-
Belle Berg re." Though apparently it
was not. On both sides of the
Sorrento entrance are big pillar lights.
Belle Bergère one could see as well as
from outside.

For the last fifteen minutes Miss
Daphne Hope had been maintaining the
watch from that window alone. And then
suddenly she had caught her breath with
a great start.

It was Jimmy. He was wearing un-
known clothes, and he had shaved off his
mustache. But much difference that
could make. He had chosen to approach
the Sorrento from Miss Hope's side of the
street—had passed so near, indeed, but
with the window open she could have
touched him. And, taking hold of herself,
she ran for the Belle Bergère telephone.

Fortunately she got Willings almost
at once. Next, following orders, she sent
word to the Doctor. And after that,
as if determined, if need be, to make the
capture alone, she hurried to the street.

She kept her own side of the street, be-
cause she must not attract attention. She
forced herself to walk first to the Avenue
corner, then, against the drive of snow
and wind, back toward the elevated again,
and then—but never ready using sight of
that Sorrento entrance—once more toward
the Avenue. And, just as again she came
opposite, Mr. "Owly" Willings and the
runabout arrived.

She had only to nod. "He's in there
The car turned sharply. In the
snow-cleared space at the curb, another
limousine, was waiting. But
there was room for the runabout behind it.

"Better get inside and cover up," said
Willings, "and let me talk to him alone."

ings
the sort of young man who now without a
plan. From the Doctor, moreover, he
had received advice as to certain things
he hadn't thought of for himself. And as
the little butler started to pass him, "Jim-
my!" he said, "Jimmy!"

But there was one thing that neither
the Doctor nor Willings had thought of,
and that was the one thing Jimmy did.

At the first sound of his name he had
jumped back.
he recognized ngs, "It'all right!" he
cried But I'll never be took
whimpering rats, he
w himself at Willings' throat. From
very impact, Willings was overbal-
anced and getting his foot behind him,
the daffy Cockney threw him headlong
to the snow-piled gutter.

From the big limousine al
leaped a large and bear-shanned
"Hi, what's the excitement?" And i
mediately Jimmy flung himself at him.
"An' you too, then, by Gord, you too!"

"Cripes, what you at?" The man fell
hastily back into the Sorrento doorway.
Seeing him do it,—even as if he planned
it so,—the little butler jumped
empty driving-seat of that big limousine,
threw the power on, and was away. No

big car's wake.

BEHIND him there dwindled the shouts
of the bare-headed chauffeur. In
Willings' face was a white of snow that
the big car had now whipped south into
the Avenue. How to stop it? That was
the only qu

speed. But would more speed be enough?
The big limousine turned and again
speeded eastward into the dark and
tunnel-like narrowness of a side
Then Willings, suddenly remembering,

was D. Hope drawing herself perilously
over, and letting herself down into the
seen a part of his. "Shoot at his rear tires,
again. And let me drive!"

The limousine passed under the el
riverward again in another empty, storm-
swept side street. But it was at least
lighter. The little car closed up. Into
the flying splendid D. Hope's hands
down upon the wheel, and anyhowingly
took charge of it. And, with a queer feeling
of being in the movies, Willings brought
his gun into play and began to shoot.

From a group seen blurri
way as they flicked by, there came a yell
But he shot again.

This time, too, the driver of the big
limousine heard him. And under he next
electric he turned back a face of sick-white
desperation. Moreover, it was evident
he was in a part of the town he didn't
know. For, following his present course,
he must soon run into a cul-de-sac and
trap himself between the river and the
new market.

Again Willings fired. And another yell
from a lone pedestrian, head down against
the gale. But they were a block nearer
the dock-front. If now, their man did
not turn south again.

He did not. Even after he had seen
the trap before him, he still kept crashly
on. Along the whole water-side he so
seemed to be moving save themselves.
The runabout closed up once more, drew
alongside. D. Hope left
the wheel, and again Willings
It was as if the explosion of the bursting
tire had drowned the report of the gun
of. The big car dropped sloped to the
ght, and finished, snow-stained against a
lamp-post. But as the little butler threw
himself on on the other side, the light
from that lamp again let them see his face.
knew then why he had taken
east straight for the river.

"You'll never!" he cried wildly as he
ran, lurching and swaying, and no longer
did he seem to know them. "God
knows I'm h'innocent. But I done my
seven years 'ard for being h'innocent once

the string-piece of the
there he turned again.

"All right!" he cried, with one last,
wretched, animal-to-its-torturers quiver,
"I'm done!" And he plunged over.

It was not till afterward that Miss D.
Hope knew why Mr. "Owly" Willings
halted for the here two
did. But it was

herself was
kept a fountain
and
the her eye
most directly beneath them was a dock

ladder. As if there had been no such detriment as skirts, she dropped down it. Hand over hand she went, till she was waist-deep. Between two big pieces of mush ice, but a [illegible] distance, Willings [illegible] And she caught him by [illegible] shoulder [illegible] he had just managed [illegible]

Yet [illegible] little cutler was still trying to fight them off.

"Let me die, I tell you. Let me die! Ain't it no proof to you—that—that I [illegible] to die?"

"Yes, Jimmy—yes, indeed it is! And I never believed you did it from the start!"

It was D. Hope who said that. By now, too, she had got her arm around him.

"We're not the police, you know," choked Willings, getting an arm around him from the other side. "They're not [illegible] us, too. Come back with us now—and we'll all of us—help each other."

Persuaded or not, Jimmy no longer had the strength to resist, and was fast falling into complete collapse. But they got his feet upon the steps; and, foot by foot they thrust him up.

Over the string-piece there now leaned a staring bargeman.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gosh! What's the racket? Was he drivin' tanked?"

"No," panted Willings. "He just wanted some ice for his exhaust."

"Say!" said the man. "Well, he sure wanted [illegible] dang bad."

Bedraggled, and with their own garments already beginning to freeze, they got Jimmy back to the runabout and lifted him in.

"Now you," said Willings, [illegible] to the girl.

"No," she cried. "No, you. I'm going to drive. [illegible] look all right up above; but you'd be stopped by the first policeman. The engine'll keep me warm, too. Get in and cover up—both of you—to the chin."

And, in the end, when he had seen to it that she herself was wrapped in the biggest robe, he did.

By then, though, half a dozen other gaping longshoremen had come up.

"But, hell!" one of them asked, "who owns the other car?"

"An old friend of ours named Dennis," answered Willings, without batting an eye. "Just tell him we'll see him later."

Meanwhile, behind the wheel, D. Hope was raising a hand of entreaty and command. "Please. You're in our way, you know."

And, with one long, triumphant hoot, the little runabout was on its way back through the storm to 300.

Whatever the [illegible] butler had to tell of the things that had taken place behind those bolted doors of the Casa Grande, they were soon to know.

More than that: the story of that night itself, which by now might well have seemed to be nearing its end, was in reality only just beginning.

To be continued next week

The conditions of our $500 offer to any man, woman, or child who will tell, in five hundred words or less, the best story according to his or her idea of how the mystery ends—how Mrs. Fisher was murdered and by whom—have been slightly modified to make for a clearer understanding of what is expected. The stories sent in are to be judged for their merit as clever solutions of the mystery. The winning solution should tell who or what could have murdered Mrs. Fisher, how the murder was accomplished in an apartment where every door was locked, every window bolted, and how the murderer—he, she, or it—escaped. For the best and most convincing solution of this problem we will pay $500. All answers received up to the date stated below will have equal consideration. Any reader, whether a subscriber or not, is eligible. Letters must reach us by November 5, and the editors will be the judges. Address Bruce Barton, Editor, 95 Madison Avenue, New York.

Personality, Etc.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Illustrations by Neta Hatt

"'I'm manager of this here house, an' I'm gonna be manager. What's the answer? Do you go on second or stay off the bill?'"

"MY Gawd, lookit this!"

Blanche Carroll, senior member of the sister act Carroll & La Grange, singers, dancers, and [illegible] indignantly waved under the retroussé nose of her partner a typewritten letter from Al Wilton, booking agent.

"Lookit," she quavered with great and righteous wrath. "Jus' look. It ain't enough for [illegible] to shoot us down here where we gotta put on three shows a day but—but—" And she choked.

Edyth La Grange reluctantly lifted her gaze from the pages of the magazine she held and glanced with some annoyance at the letter.

"No use gettin' huffy about it," she remarked evenly. "We're gettin' a hundred and fifty, and me, for one, ain't got [illegible] I'll [illegible] four shows if they'll [illegible] right and proper. [illegible] you don't [illegible] understand."

[illegible] arched [illegible]

"[illegible] three per I'm kicking [illegible] knew that when they booked us [illegible]"

[illegible] Miss La Grange dog-eared the magazine and [illegible]

"Well," she encouraged, "shoot!"

"THESE here things," explained Miss Carroll, [illegible] seven weeks which [illegible] Wilton [illegible] dates ahead for the whole show. There's three [illegible] which [illegible] Birmingham, Atlanta, Savannah, Jacksonville, an' New Orle'ns. One of [illegible] Carney's Scans, an' [illegible] other—"

"Yes?"—encouragingly.

"[illegible]"

"Bill [illegible]"

"[illegible] her partner. [illegible] with [illegible] weeks [illegible] never heard of Bill [illegible] Answer me that, [illegible] answer me that!"

"No." Edyth stifled a yawn. "I ain't never heard you mention him. He's a nut comedian or sumpin' like that, ain't he?"

"Yes, he is, is he? An' some nut! An' you never heard of him?"

"Certainly not." Miss La Grange met her partner's eyes squarely. "Whatever's eating you, Blanche? I ain't seen you so excited since that orchestra leader queered [illegible] You honest mean [illegible] never heard of Bill Colson, [illegible] professional [illegible] worked on the bill with him [illegible]

"[illegible]" [illegible] Miss Carroll, with concentrated sarcasm, "that you ain't never heard I was once married."

"Wel [illegible]"

"Well [illegible]" There came a dramatic pause. "[illegible]"

"No?"

"Uh-huh."

"Your *husband*?"

"My ex-husband, thank Gawd."

"I see."

"No, yuh don't see. Yuh can't. Al Wilton always has had some sort of a grudge against me. Last season he bills me for seven weeks with Harden's Trained Rats, him knowin' that I'm scared with rats anywhere around, an' what was the result? I lost my voice and the act went rotten—plumb rotten. I had to fake every curtain. Then, in one burg—Kenosha, I think it was—some fool manager put them on to close an' me right ahead of 'em. I could hear the little beasts squeakin' an' [illegible] well, it just grabbed my whole act, that's what."

"That," decided Miss La Grange, "was probably coincidence."

"[illegible] was [illegible] right [illegible] ago I [illegible] Al, an' [illegible] routes us together. It wouldn't be so bad for a week. But five. An' Jacksonville an' [illegible] An' there ain't such a bunch of railroads [illegible] part of the country that [illegible] Bill for five weeks an' [illegible]"

"[illegible]" Miss La Grange [illegible] "what's [illegible] done [illegible]"

And she took [illegible] where it had been left off.

Miss Carroll [illegible]

"A swell sympathizer you are," she vouchsafed [illegible]

FOLLOWING the divorce proceedings of Colson vs. Colson, in which cruelty and incompatibility were alleged by complainant "of her own knowledge," Bill Colson had gone "single." Coming at a time when first-class nut comedians were at a premium, he made a sensation.

Bill was a man of some education, a great deal of perception, and an inexhaustible fund of ready wit. So it was that he had prevailed on the booking agent to instruct every house manager to place him next to the close on the five- and seven-act bills of the Southern section of the circuit.

IT was said of him that vaudeville patrons could witness his act three shows a day for six days and never hear the same thing twice. A natural mimic, he convulsed his audience with "throw-offs" on the acts that preceded him. And the self-congratulations of the last act on the fact that it followed him usually died after the first show; for Bill invariably explained to the house just what was coming—and did it in such a way that, no matter how serious the closing act, it brought howls of laughter from the house.

Kicks, many and frenzied, had been registered with various managers at the houses he played; but the answer was always the same:

"Them people pay their money to laugh, an' [illegible] makes 'em laugh. You [illegible] if he saves a [illegible]"

And so infectious was his good nature that by the second day of his week's run the other acts were flocking to his dressing-room for a smoke or a friendly chat. One couldn't stay angry with him for long.

With Blanche Carroll, things had been different. Blanche had the makings of an excellent nut comedienne, an ability that had flourished mightily under Bill's tutelage, and gradually she had come to the point where she had balked against acting as feeder for his wit. One fatal day she told him so. Bill's reply was sarcastic and to the point: he remarked that he was just carrying her because she was his wife, explained that he could draw as much as a single as in team work, told her that she never would have been worth a cent if it hadn't been for him, and that she wasn't worth much more than that now—and that if she wanted to break away to go to it. She did.

It was during the divorce proceedings that Blanche had discovered Edyth La Grange in songs and dances on the four-a-day. She was keen enough to see that Edyth had that rarest and most valuable of all theatrical blessings, a personality, and that she was, in addition thereto, blessed with an unusually fine soprano voice.

The approach was made and the team was formed. They mapped out their act, bought some new patter from a professional vaudeville writer, made a tremendous hit on their try-out, and within eight weeks were playing several weeks in the Big Time. Then had come a trip [illegible] the Western circuit, and now they were booked through the Middle and Eastern South. They were billed as "Carroll & La Grange, the Personality Pair."

ARRIVED in Birmingham, they went direct to the Molton Hotel. And half a page up the register was the signature of Bill Colson. The tiny fists of the senior personality girl balled and her fine white teeth ground together.

"If he tries to queer my act—" she muttered belligerently, as an obsequious bell-hop led them to the elevator. "If he tries to queer my act—"

They learned that there was a rehearsal next morning at eleven o'clock, a matinée scheduled for two-thirty, and evening performances at seven-thirty and nine-fifteen.

On their arrival at the theater, they found the other members of the bill present, talking more or less excitedly to the stage manager, the electrician, and the

Give Your Baby The Habit of Good Health

From the beginning, let everything about him be sterile, let his [illegible] and loose, let his

colic and worse sickness. Your breast milk is the right food for your baby. If you have not enough, or if it doesn't quite agree with him, remember that with the growth of the Better Babies idea comes the use of

Nestles Food

Where one mother used it seven [illegible] we use it today, because with the wider knowledge we have today of babies needs, mothers [illegible]

In Nestle's the curd of the milk is soft and flocky as in mother's milk. [illegible] of the cows of Nestle's Food — milk from healthy cows in sanitary dairies, carefully inspected. To it are added the food elements that [illegible]

[illegible]

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In Simon's EZ WEAR Shoes
For Men, Women, Children
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Write
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YOUR MOVIE FAVORITE
On Over 5000 Photo Pay Cards
[illegible]

$10 a Day How Busy This Season's Leader Starts
WURLITZER
[illegible]
Write Today
[illegible]

orchestra leader. Bill Colson alone appeared unconcerned. He sat on a property chair near the wings, indulging in a dry smoke. As his former wife swept disdainfully past him he merely smiled, and then, when she could not fail to hear him, he distinctly said: "Howdy, Blanche."

[illegible] of the light, [illegible] It was the first time since the divorce proceedings that she had had eyes on her former life partner, and he looked disgustingly happy and well groomed for a desolate man. She had been mad enough when she entered the theater; she was more angry now. The cause of her initial anger had been the program hung in the lobby; it billed her second. Bill Colson was fourth, next to the chef. The house manager saw her coming and tentatively put up his guard. He was credited with having once remarked that he'd rather face a rampant 40-centimeter gun than a woman with a grouch.

"Is this Mr. Grass?" she asked icily.

THE other performers looked at her curiously. Even Carney's trained seals turned to inspect her.

The same," returned the house manager, extending his hand with an appearance of normalcy.

"I'm Blanche Carrol of Carrol & La Grange. I wanna know why we're billed [illegible]

[illegible] But [illegible] Blanche favored her former [illegible] would have [illegible]

[illegible] Mr. [illegible]

[illegible]

Yes, she used to [illegible]

The gathering smothered audibly, and the color rose high in Blanche's cheeks.

"I don't know [illegible] rather," parried the house manager.

Whereupon Bill whistled the opening bars of "The man who wrote that Home Sweet Home never was a married man." More laughter from the professionals on the stage.

"There's two acts in one on the bill," pursued Miss Carroll, her temper getting the better of her. "One of 'em's a dog act. Ours is a team act. I [illegible] we go on fourth."

"Re-mained" said a voice [illegible] which [illegible] His jaw squared and his eye flashed just the least bit of fire.

[illegible]

"Well, she goes on she's written. Understand?"

"But—"

"There ain't no 'buts,' Miss Carroll. I'm manager of this here house, an' I'm gonna be manager. You can go on or not, as you want. Judkins & [illegible] are laid over here for a week an' still say hole which might [illegible] program. Get that?"

"But—"

"What's the answer? Do you go on second—or stay off the bill?"

"[illegible]

"Well?"

"Well go on," interpolated Edyth La Grange sweetly. "She's just a little excited."

"So I see," answered the manager. Then, to Blanche: "If you're going on, get busy with your rehearsal. I wanna look that act over. No off stuff goes in this house. We got the commission form of government, and they don't stand for it."

"My act," stazed Blanche, fighting hard to retain some shred of dignity, "is a clean one. I leave dirty jokes an' such things for certain nut comedians whose names I ain't mentioning, but who queers any bill they're in."

She leaned over the footlights and handed her music to the orchestra leader. "Here's the score. That 'Lovey-Dovey' stuff is the opener. The one for 'Everybody Loves Chicken' is [illegible]

AT the conclusion of the Monday matinée the Misses Carroll & La Grange took two legitimate curtains and hurried to their dressing-room, where, in remarkably short space, [illegible] had divested themselves of their stage raiment, rubbed off the grease-paint, and started for the stage door. But as they crossed the space beyond the wings they heard a howl of laughter from the audience. Then they saw the stage-hands moving the set of the sketch that followed their act, and fixing the stage for Carney's trained seals.

"Bill Colson's pulling 'em down," observed Miss La Grange ineffably. [illegible]

A scream of applause from out front.

"He's a riot," observed Miss La Grange. "Let's listen."

With seeming reluctance, Miss Carrol allowed herself to be led to the wings, out of sight of the stage. Bill Colson was working as he had never worked before. His patter was running easily, and the house interrupted him every few words with a gale of laughter.

"Now, that operetta which came just before me," he was explaining seriously—"this was all a fake. You saw that fat guy that was playing the villain? He ain't really a villain at all. No, honest he ain't. Laughter. "And that fight was just put on to get you excited. He wouldn't fight with that tenor. He's too fat." More laughter. "Besides, he just crawled into a drink before the sketch started." A big laugh. "They're jealous, you know. I don't understand why the actors take to public life and send of way. Now you would have thought by what they said that [illegible] Blonde was the [illegible] wife. But she ain't really. Nor she's [illegible] wife of the fat man. I wouldn't stand for such fakery if I were you." Laughter.

"My one wanting their money back can apply at the box-office. I don't say I can get it—but you can apply." Tremendous laughter.

Miss Carroll curled her lips scornfully. "Still pulling that old honk!" she whispered.

"AND all [illegible] pursued their [illegible] was [illegible] sister act. He [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] sisters that [illegible] them two? Certainly [illegible] was married three [illegible]. More laughter.

"The brute!" This from Miss Carroll.

"The blonde she was [illegible] she wasn't a blonde. [illegible]

"The [illegible] of Blanche. "I'm [illegible]

"The [illegible] is going here," the [illegible] went on "is called 'nut stuff.' It's awful popular in New York and them other big cities where there are lots of wise guys. Dey [illegible] he will [illegible] act will try and steal [illegible] off. Now didja notice [illegible] to pull some of this nut comedy, but I don't believe it fooled you for a minute." A laugh. "Did you notice the way she talked to the orchestra leader and called him 'Sam'? I don't believe she knows [illegible] you? Does she know you, Ont?"

"Yes, he [illegible]

"Well, well. Colson scratched his [illegible] I always thought she was a lady."

The house howled approval. Miss Carrol, turned to her feet, her face flaming.

"That's the [illegible] Too much. I'm not going to stand for it. I'm going to see Grass."

"I gonna watch his act out," returned Miss La Grange quietly. "He's the best nut comedian I ever saw."

"Oh, you are, are you? Very well. But I'm going—" And Blanche swept out of the stage door. Carney of the trained seals looked after her and winked at Miss La Grange.

"Swell," he remarked. "Ain't she the hot one, gettin' mad at a nut comedian!"

Miss [illegible]

"She must hate him a heap."

MISS CARROLL paced the manager's office until the trained seal act was half over. Then she called the program boy.

[illegible]

"Cuttin' de show," murmured the youngster. "He always does dat every Monday matinée, so's he can do away wit' all de rough stuff."

Grass entered the office, smiling. His eye lighted on the irate figure of Miss Carroll, but [illegible] twinkled merrily. Here was his chance.

"Bill Colson was a riot," he offered sweetly. "Best act ever been on this stage."

"Old stuff," she retorted angrily. "And that's just what I want to see you about, Mister Grass. He can queer the other acts if he wants to, but I serve you warning right here and now that he can't queer mine. The stuff he pulled about my not [illegible] a real blonde is the rawest thing I've ever heard. And I am, too. See—" She lowered her head for his inspection. "When a woman is a real blonde the roots of her hair [illegible] golden all the way through."

"Hum."

"And [illegible] I'm not going to [illegible] a stiff board [illegible] I'm not. The act I put on is [illegible] always gets a big hand, and [illegible] quarrel [illegible] I won't have [illegible] everything I do. Besides [illegible] the dull whom we [illegible] right [illegible] rabbit old [illegible]

"[illegible]

"[illegible] Ah, he was a [illegible] Aw, [illegible] this right now. Mr. [illegible] I'm [illegible]

[illegible] girl, is booked along with Colson on that [illegible] seal act for four more weeks after this. If you wanna register a kick an' get off for that long, all right. But you'd better [illegible] now so I can wire Wilton in Chicago. He can shoot down another

Edyth yawned, sat up in bed, and rubbed her eyes sleepily

act in one to fill the bills where you'll leave a vacancy. But I gotta know now. If you ain't satisfied you don't have to stay. It's a cinch to get acts which is good enough for second position on a five-act bill!"

"He's got to out—"

"He'll cut nothing. What's it? Do you stay on the bill or jump your contract? Quick—"

"It's outrageous! I'll stay!"

CARROLL & LA GRANGE went well at the first-night show, and immediately after the third curtain Blanche hurried to her dressing-room. Her outburst that morning had made her rather unregular with the other acts, to speak mildly, and comments were frequent and caustic. And, principally because she knew she had acted foolishly, Blanche became more enraged at herself and at her ex-husband, who had caused it all.

Once in her dressing-room, she looked around for Edyth; but Edyth was not there. Two, three, five minutes passed and still Edyth did not materialise. From the stage Blanche could hear the members of the operetta company valiantly attacking the "Rigoletto" quartette, and succeeding to the entire satisfaction of the audience; and in a vague way she felt that Edyth had remained in the wings. Bill Colson followed the singers.

Blanche strolled with seeming nonchalance and with purposeful aimlessness between the double line of dressing-rooms, executed a flank movement, and strolled into the wings. There, chatting as if they had known each other all their lives,—and pretty well at that,—stood Bill and Edyth.

He was tall and she was short and plump—and pretty. He was bending over her with the manner of a proprietor, and her eyes were laughing gaily into his.

Blanche stiffened, and her jaw grew a bit more square. She turned on her heel and strode swiftly back to her dressing-room. After all, he was her husband,—or had been,—and it was a positive disgrace the way Edyth was acting. She'd speak to her. And yet, when Edyth dropped in for a final survey of her make-up before their second show, Blanche said nothing. Somehow, there really seemed to be nothing to say. But her work lacked spontaneity, and the act, to use the vernacular, went rotten. One forced call, led boldly by pluggers, was the best they could do. And, as they made their exit, Blanche left and Edyth right. Blanche brushed against Bill Colson, and she imagined that she could detect a flicker of amusement in his laughing gray eyes.

AFTER the matinée next day, Blanche pleaded headache and left the theater quickly while the encore of the musical act was on. She noticed with a jealous twinge, though, that Edyth and Bill stood chatting in the wings.

That night, when Bill's act stuff had been particularly raw and Edyth had been particularly attentive to him, the senior member of the team took the junior member of the team to account.

"Edyth," she said sharply, in the seclusion of their dressing-room, "it's up to me to hand you a few straight from the shoulder. The way you and *Mister* Colson is carrying on is something scandalous."

That was a little strong even for Edyth, and her ever-ready temper flared a bit.

"Whatcha mean?"

"I mean the whole gang is talking about the way you and him—"

"No!" snapped Edyth. "They ain't talkin' about Bill—Mister Colson—an' me, they're talkin' about Mister Colson an' you, an' the book way you acted at rehearsal yesterday. Honest, Blanche, I ain't never, in all my experience behind the asbestos, seen the equal of that stuff you pulled yesterday. It was fierce, that's what—*fierce!*"

"I'll thank you to mind your own business—"

"An' I'll thank you to mind yours. You ain't got no clove hitch on Mister Colson, just because he was your husband oncet. Gawd knows, I think he's glad he ain't now. I know I would be if I was him. He's a fine feller, that's what, an' after the show to-night him and me's going to the Florence for a bite 'n' a bottle."

"O-o-h!" Blanche drew herself to her full height and gazed her fury at Edyth. She spoke just one word: "Go!"

And Edyth went. Discretion is often by far the better part of valor.

For the balance of the week in Birmingham, things went from bad to worse. Blanche was miserable, but she was a stoic. If it drove her nearly crazy with fury and jealousy to see her pretty partner accepting a world of attentions from her ex-husband, she did not show it. Nor did she show that the ill-concealed dislike of the other acts on the bill struck her to the quick, or that Bill's vitriolic out-stuff, spoken at her over the heads of the audience, hit home—and hit hard.

It required every particle of her net bad histrionic ability to put her act across. Edyth was always in a gale of spirits, and it wasn't so very hard; but, even at that, it isn't a cinch to carry on your act when you're not speaking to your own partner even in the narrow confines of your dressing-room. And worse even than present conditions was the knowledge that four more weeks of it stared her in the face.

As to Bill, he had not noticed her existence since that Monday morning rehearsal. He was tantalizingly content in Miss La Grange's society. They were together constantly: drives, sight-seeing trips, restaurants, in the wings, in the dressing-room corridor. They were both popular with the others on the bill, and Blanche was a pariah.

FROM Birmingham they jumped to Atlanta. Blanche breathed a sigh of relief when the train pulled out of the Union Depot and she watched the smoky skyline of Birmingham fade into the background. But she had reckoned without Carsey's Trained Seals. Even before the Monday rehearsal, Carsey and Mrs. Carsey had informed every act on the bill about the dramatic situation existing between the acts of Bill Colson, not comedian, and Carroll & La Grange, the Personality Pair. Further, they had given details of the preceding Monday rehearsal, and the romance that was brewing between Bill Colson and Edyth La Grange. Madame Francine, contortionist, who had worked on the bill in Asheville with Carroll & La Grange, pursed her lips.

"I never was strong for Blanche Carroll," she remarked cuttingly. "Now, that there little trick Edyth La Grange what's with her is a different proposition altogether. That there kid has the real personality, an' she's got one of the best sopranos I've heard in vaudeville. Honest, she's good enough for high-class musical comedy. I, for one, don't see why she don't break away an' go single. Give her a few dances that ain't dry-as-dust, an' she'll stand solid booking on the big time."

Bill Colson edged into the group.

"Lo, people," he greeted. "What's the big-time act I hear you gassin' about?"

"I was saying," repeated Madame Francine, "that Edyth La Grange has the making of a big-time single."

"Uh-huh." Bill scratched his head for a second. "Yeh, she'll go strong single a second. "Yeh, she'll go strong single with the proper line of stuff. But, Lordy—what a partner she'd make for a high-class an' enterprisin' nut comedian!"

Then he strolled away. The others gasped, and within ten minutes Madame Francine had repeated the remark, with proper embellishments, to Blanche Carroll.

Blanche's eyes narrowed, but she said nothing.

The next morning she entered Edyth La Grange's room without knocking—since the Birmingham episode they had been occupying separate rooms. Edyth, yawned, sat up in bed, and rubbed her eyes sleepily. Edyth found it hard to remain angry with any one—she had long ago regretted her outburst and forgiven Blanche hers.

"Hello, kid," she greeted cheerily.

"Good morning, Miss La Grange."

"Huh?" Edyth slipped into a silk

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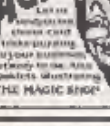

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kimono. "Still sore about me 'n' Bill?"

"I've come to tell you—"

"Ah, say, Blanche! Drop that Sarah Bernhardt stuff, can't yuh? That don't go with me. Let's forget—"

"I've come to tell you," repeated Blanche evenly, "that you an' me's done. You can get another partner if you want an' keep on with the act. But I'm leaving at the end of the week."

Edyth was staggered. She mulled it over for a few seconds; then:

"Aw, c'm on, Blanche; y'r kiddin' me."

"I was never more serious in my life, Miss La Grange. Let me know by tonight if you're going to keep on with the act. I never threw nobody down, an' if you ain't I'll wire same to Al Wilton."

Then she was gone. Edyth stared after her for a long time and then indulged in a rare luxury.

"Ain't it wimmin hell?" she asked of no one in particular. "Now, ain't they just hell?"

THE first-night show was over. Blanche Carroll sat alone in her dressing-room and stared disconsolately into the make-up mirror that hung suspended by an antiquated bit of brass wire.

She took stock of herself. Suddenly she grabbed the photograph of Edyth La Grange from the dressing-table, tore it into bits, and flung it into a corner. From the orchestra pit came the opening bars of the trained-seal music. A light knock sounded on the panels of her door.

"C'm in," she invited mechanically.

The door opened, then closed again. Blanche turned to stare into the eyes of her ex-husband. She caught her breath convulsively, then rose.

"Beat it!" she ordered curtly.

For answer he seated himself on the trunk and extracted a cigarette from a monogrammed silver case.

"It's awful comfortable in here. Hey! wait a minute!" He sprang to the door just in time to keep her from leaving the dressing-room.

"I'll scream," she threatened angrily. "If you think you can come into a lady's dressin'-room—"

"Aw, suhside," he grimaced. "Choke it, Blanche. I wanna have a talk with you. You kin scream when I finish. Now, listen." His face grew serious and he leaned forward earnestly. "I reckon I've been handin' you a dirty deal since that Birmingham thing. I was just tryin' to have a little fun, an' I didn't mean nothin' by it. Now Edyth tells me you 'n' her's split on account o' me—"

"You flatter yourself!"

"Can that stuff, Blanche. That you 'n' her's split on account o' me. I guess it musta got your goat, an' it ain't fair for me to crab your act thataway. What I wanna say is this, Blanche. It's please not to bust your act up. I'll let up—honest; an' I'll get Savannah next week to put me second an' you fourth. I feel rotten, knowin' I handed you a black eye when all I wanted was to kid you along."

She was fighting for control—making a pitiful fight.

"Nothin' doin', Bill," she replied, forgetting that she was on terms of strictest formality with him. "You done played the devil now. I couldn't work no more with Edyth La Grange if I wanted to. Me 'n' her's split indefinite. An'—an'—she'd make a mighty good partner for a—a—high-class an' enterprisin' mat comedian—"

He gazed at her steadily.

"Yes, I guess she would; likewise, she'd make a awful good single."

"Sh—she—ain't crazy 'bout workin' single—any more. She useter be, but—"

"Darn that!" he burst out. "I come here to make things right with you. I feel like the devil about makin' you quit the circuit—an' it's all my fault." He rose and came very close to her. "I'm sorry, Blanche—honest I am. Think it over, won't you, kid? Please!"

In the old days he had said "please" in just that way. The tears were coming—she knew they were coming—they were here—

"G-g-g-get out," she choked, "or—or—I'll scream!"

Then his arms were about her, as in the old days, and he was crushing her to him and pressing her head into the hollow of his shoulder.

"There, there, kiddie, cry it out. An we'll fix things all right—you an' me."

The re-marriage of Blanche Carroll and Bill Colson, and the reincarnation of the team of Colson & Carroll, was a seven-days wonder in vaudeville circles. A great combination, everybody agreed; both of them had been improved by their couple of years apart. But wasn't it funny the way they got together—

The team of Carroll & La Grange finished the week in Atlanta and then split. Blanche and Edyth shook hands rather formally and kissed each other lightly; but, despite her new-found happiness, Blanche could not quite forget.

Before Edyth left the theater that night, Bill Colson called her aside and pressed into her hands a plush case containing a diamond lavalière.

"You done great," he said gratefully. "She don't suspect a thing. If it hadn't been for you an' Al Wilton, I reckon I never could have got her to take me back!"

My Friend the Black Bear

By EL COMANCHO

WHY any one should be afraid of the common black bear is beyond me; for he is the most amiable, clownish creature that lives in all the wilderness.

He will not in any circumstances attack a man except he be so cornered and surrounded that he can not get away in any direction, and even then he must be prodded, and so hurt physically and bedevilled mentally that he at last turns and fights from sheer anguish and despair.

Even the old story of the she bear with cubs attacking man without severe provocation I do not believe to be justified at all; for my personal experience leads me to believe thoroughly that Mother Bear will get away from you, either with or without her babies, just as quickly as she can do it, if there is a way open to her.

The Black Bear's Main Pursuit

NORMALLY the black bear seems to have two great, all-pervading ideas, the first being to fill his stomach, and the other to get just as much fun out of life as he can.

No animal has a keener nose or keener appetite; therefore he is a good hunter after food and has great ability in finding what he wants without disturbing his neighbors, and to keep out of the sight of mankind at the same time; which probably helps to make him the inquisitive, good-natured clown that he is.

He eats almost anything in the woods, feeding very extensively on "roots, yarbs, barks, an' gums," whenever and wherever he finds them. He is fond of many kinds of berries, and eats the leaves and small green twigs along with them. He eats fish when he can get it.

He is an expert tree climber, and will eat birds' eggs and the young birds; but he does it only casually, not as a regular diet. He will eat meat at times; the older it is the better. In all my experience of forty years in the wilderness I have never yet found any animal that I could say positively had been killed by a black bear. I do not believe he kills live animals for food except possibly under stress of great hunger.

He loves honey, and tears a wild bees' nest to pieces whenever he can get to it, greedily eating honey and bees together; paying no attention to stings unless a bee gets him on the nose, when he rubs it and cries for a minute like a little boy, and goes right back to his job of cleaning up the nest.

Ants and their eggs are also a favorite food, and he tears many a rotten log to pieces to get them.

He is good-natured, playful, and has, I think, a keen sense of humor; for his biggest job outside of filling his stomach is doing funny stunts to amuse himself. He will pick up a bit of broken wood, lie flat on his back, and juggle it for an hour with no other idea than to have fun.

His Inquisitiveness

HE is as inquisitive as any boy, and is forever following his nose up-wind to investigate some odor—with laughable results sometimes too.

He can slip along through forest paths or over dead leaves or even through dead brush, with no more sound than a ghost if he wants to; and if you come upon him suddenly and yell at him or rattle some of your camp-ware and run straight at him with it, he will be so badly scared that he will howl like a calf and go crashing away through the woods like a runaway locomotive.

He is one of my best woodland friends, one of the most whimsical, lovable, clownish, harmless creatures in the wilderness; and no man should ever kill him, for he does a great deal of good as a vermin destroyer.

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The Price of Preferred Stock

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

A READER in Washington, D. C., wants to know why the common stock of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad is quoted higher than the preferred stock. He had read the article entitled "What About the Preferred Shares of Big Railroads?" in this magazine for August 9, in which railroad preferred stocks were highly spoken of as investments. "Why is the common stock of that road," he asks in some mystification, "preferred to the preferred stock?"

Preferred Stock Dividends Limited

THE reason B. & O. preferred sells lower than the common, although it comes ahead of it in more senses than one, is because the dividend is strictly limited by the charter or by-laws of the company to 4 per cent. and there is absolutely no limit to the dividends on the common stock, provided there are enough profits to pay them. Perhaps this point will best be explained by referring to another case, a more interesting one at the present time.

The E. I. du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, the great du Pont concern, has both preferred and common stock. Shortly before this article was written the preferred sold at 96 and the common at 700! Why this amazing discrepancy? Why should the stock that has a first claim upon both assets and earnings of this stupendously profitable money-making mint sell at less than one seventh the price of the common or ordinary stock, which is subordinate to it in claims? A brief reference to the company's charter or by-laws, summarized in any financial reference book, will show that the "common is entitled exclusively to all dividends in excess of 5 per cent. per annum paid to the preferred stockholders, and it will receive in liquidation all assets, after paying to the holders of bonds and preferred stock the par value of their holdings."

Preferred stock is supposed to be more of an investment security than common stock. The idea is that in return for certainty of a present fixed income the investor will be willing to forgo the possibility of large future profits. Now, it should be understood, especially at this time of great upheavals in the world's markets, that speculation is based on future rather than on present benefits. A stock that pays 6 per cent., and is pretty sure to pay it for years to come, but also pretty sure to pay no more, is far less likely to soar to great heights than one that pays nothing, but may pay a big dividend in the indefinite future.

I do not say that Baltimore & Ohio common will ever increase its dividend. But there is nothing in the company's by-laws or charter to prevent an increase, whereas the preferred stock is limited to 4 per cent. High prices are always based on future possibilities rather than on present certitudes. The whole life of speculation is uncertainty.

It should not be supposed that preferred stocks never go up in price. Sometimes a very rich company pays off its preference shares at a fancy figure to get rid of them. Other corporations are not permitted to do this. The provisions governing almost every issue of securities differ. The great point is to know what the rules are. Names mean nothing. Investors are fooled by the mere words "preferred," "guaranteed," and so on. The question is, *how* are they preferred or guaranteed?

Is Goiter Curable?

By EDWIN F. BOWERS, M.D.

THERE is a wide diversity of opinion as to the cause of goiter. Many locate the seat of the disease in the heart itself, in the blood-vessels, and in the blood; others, who favor the so-called "mechanical theory," ascribe the symptoms to compression by an enlarged thyroid gland of the nerves and vessels in the neck, although they neglect to tell us how the gland became enlarged.

Other competent medical authorities believe that goiter is essentially nervous, originating in some disturbance of the rambling pneumogastric nerve (or vagus), or of either the sympathetic or central nervous system. In fact, the whole question is very hazy and indefinite.

We know, however, for a certainty that the pathological basis or actual origin of goiter is a disturbance in the function of the thyroid gland. But whether this is due to water deficient in inorganic salts (as many claim), to nervous shock, injury to the thyroid gland, constitutional diseases, defective metabolism, or what not, is not known.

We know only that the rapid heart action and palpitation, the distressing tremor, the unsightly swelling in the lower part of the neck, the protrusion of the eyeballs, and the nervous excitement accompanying goiter—particularly that form known as exophthalmic goiter—are extremely difficult to cure. Sometimes the surgeon removes a large portion of the goiter—not all, because it has been found that complete removal is usually attended with grave changes in the mental or the physical equilibrium.

The cure of goiter is—or was—equally uncertain. I say "was" advisedly; for if the recently discovered "pressure-therapy" of Dr. William FitzGerald of Hartford, Connecticut, is found to be all its discoverer claims for it, "some-therapy" bids fair to supersede all other methods.

Briefly, Dr. FitzGerald's method consists in stimulating the nerve centers—or "push-buttons"—in the zone in which the trouble is located. This is accomplished by passing a blunt steel probe, the point of which has been still further blunted by being wrapped in cotton, through the nostril, and causing pressure at a point on the vault of the pharynx,—that portion of the cavity in the head where the nose ends and the mouth begins,—which pressure is reflected as a metallic sensation in the region in which the goiter is located.

This pressure is maintained for several minutes at a time, night and morning. To assist in the treatment, the patient, several times daily, compresses firmly the second joint of the thumb, which is located in the zone running up the center of the body, including, of course, the goiter region, pressing on each thumb alternately. This seems to stimulate the normal functional activity in the "first zone."

In the past fifteen months Dr. FitzGerald has treated in this manner twenty-one cases, many of which were of pronounced exophthalmic type, with protruding eyeballs, unsightly enlargement of the thyroid gland, rapid heart action, and all the manifold nervous symptoms that accompany goiter. Twelve of these have been discharged as cured, and nine are well on the highway toward recovery.

I met and talked with a number of Dr. FitzGerald's patients. It is too early, of course, to say what the ultimate effects will be; but from present indications the results of this method bid fair to be permanent. At any rate, the principle is so simple and so easy of application that it would seem well worth a trial before risking the dangers and the possible nervous developments which follow a radical operation, or sometimes even the use of organic extracts or powerful alteratives.

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A little over two years ago several well-to-do business men met around a hotel table. The conversation eventually turned to culture—the difficulty which the busy American experiences in finding an opportunity of keeping his knowledge fresh and growing.

How often they agreed, one is embarrassed through lack of knowledge—even of such topics as were once on the finger tips.

"I have often wished," one said, "that someone would tell me each day just one thing I really ought to know—would tell me about one famous person, an interesting book, a well-known picture—or take me on a ten minute journey through some foreign land. If someone would do that for me—'teach me one new thing a day'—what a rich store of knowledge I would have at the end of a year. Surely my friends would envy me."

In that instant the Association was born.

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Every other week some important subject in the world of art, literature, science and travel is brought to you and laid before you in a most fascinating manner—in the form of interesting reading and beautiful pictures. Art prints that are the finest obtainable bring the whole subject to you at a glance—and in a way that makes an everlasting impression on your mind—just as vividly as though you had witnessed the scenes or met the famous individuals face to face. You experience all the pleasures of looking at beautiful pictures—all the joys of increasing your store of essential knowledge.

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